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In Spite of All

TEN CHARACTER STUDIES of well-known people who labored under exceptional hardships bring to the reader more intimate acquaintance with these beloved great of the world—Beethoven, Marie Curie, Elizabeth Barrett Browning, Spinoza, and others—and encouragement to conquer his own seemingly insuperable obstacles.

DR. WALLACE BELIEVES that it is almost impossible to exaggerate the courage, the fortitude, and the tenacious endurance of people. He does not attempt to present rounded-out biographies but tells, simply and effectively, how these courageous men and women have striven against tremendous odds, eventually to emblazon "Success" upon their banners.

THOSE RECORDED HERE are no braver than millions of obscure people who also belong to the "freemasonry of suffering," says the author, who hopes that the heroism of these great men and women may serve to remind us that, in spite of all, we can make our own lives victorious.

In Spite of All

Archer Wallace



Abingdon-Cokesbury Press
New York · Nashville

IN SPITE OF ALL

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LORNE PIERCE

IN APPRECIATION OF A LITERARY FRIENDSHIP

FOREWORD

In Eve Curie's brilliant biography of her mother there is a statement, quoted from a scientist, that it is "impossible to exaggerate the unimportance of people." This little book is written from exactly the opposite point of view. The author believes that it is almost impossible to exaggerate the courage, the fortitude, and the tenacious endurance of people. The ten character studies in this book are not intended in any way to be rounded-out biographies. They are simply attempts to record how certain well-known people have accepted exceptional hardships which were chiefly due to ill-health. Those written of here are no braver than millions of obscure people who also belong to "the freemasonry of suffering." These examples have been selected because records concerning them are available.

Archer Wallace

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

THE AUTHOR has made every possible attempt to acknowledge the quotations used in this book. If there has been any oversight or failure to make adequate acknowledgment the author offers his apologies, and he will gladly make corrections in future editions if such omissions are called to his attention. To the following he acknowledges his indebtedness:

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In addition to the foregoing, from which direct quotations have been made, the author has found in the following books valuable source material: *William Cowper,* by Gilbert Thomas; *Andromeda in Wimpole Street,*

by D. J. Baynes; *Life of Friedrich,* by Thomas Carlyle; *Schiller's Life and Works,* by E. Palleske; *The Oldest Biography of Spinoza,* by A. Wolf; *Beethoven,* by Romain Rolland; *Beethoven,* by Turner; *Sir Walter Scott,* by Gwynne; *Memoirs of the Life of Sir Walter Scott,* by J. G. Lockhart; *Sir Walter Scott,* by John A. Patten; *Francis Parkman,* by Mason Wade.

CONTENTS

Ludwig van Beethoven 13

William Cowper 25

Elizabeth Barrett Browning 38

Francis Parkman 48

Madame Marie Curie 59

Sir Walter Scott 73

Friedrich von Schiller 84

Baruch Spinoza 92

Grey of Fallodon 102

Katharine Butler Hathaway 112

In Spite of All

LUDWIG VAN BEETHOVEN

By the time he had reached his seventeenth birthday Ludwig van Beethoven had already established a reputation as one of the most promising musicians of his generation. His ability to improvise at the piano amazed musical critics, while his thorough knowledge of orchestral music indicated that he would also become a composer of music. One who knew him well at that time wrote: "All the performers in the orchestra are his admirers. They are all ears when he plays, but he himself is exceedingly modest."

His childhood had not been a happy one. He was born at Bonn, Prussia, in 1770. His father, who was a musician, earned only a very small salary wherewith to support his family of seven children; and, besides, he was a man whose drunken habits reduced the family income still further. Often the three boys, Carl, Ludwig, and Johann Beethoven, had to stop their play and assist their staggering father into the house. The Beethovens had to sell their linens and much of their furniture and tableware. Frau van Beethoven grew paler and paler—and then it was that Ludwig's musical ability was discovered.

Ludwig was only four when he began to study music, and by the time he was nine he had mastered all that his father could teach him. At the age of seven he gave a series of concerts in Cologne. Very soon he began to compose music. When only ten he went on a tour to Holland with his mother, and a year later he was appointed deputy organist in the Elector's Chapel. While he was still very young he went to play before the great Mozart. Mozart was very busy and did not want to be bothered. The fact that he took very little notice of young Beethoven disappointed the lad; but the boy sat down at the piano and began to play in such a manner that the great musician said to his friends, "This youth will some day make a noise in the world."

While he was still in his teens the boy's mother died; and, as his father was a worthless character, the lad felt very lonely. Some years later he went to Vienna to continue his musical education, and at once his great genius was recognized. With his wonderful playing, and still more with his compositions, he astonished and delighted the music-loving people there.

Beethoven's appearance suggested unusual physical strength. He seemed rugged, with his short stocky body and big square shoulders, his swarthy face tanned by the sun and wind, his bushy eyebrows and broad, lofty forehead. Those who knew him best in his earlier years referred to him as "a picture of energy and strength personified." One who saw him in 1806 splashing around in the water said, "You would have predicted he would live to the age of Methuselah."

Appearances notwithstanding, Beethoven was never

in very good health. It may have been, as Romain Rolland in his excellent biography suggests, that he derived from his mother a predisposition toward tuberculosis, and that the chronic alcoholism of his father, against which he fought, left its mark upon his system. Perhaps his eccentric way of living and poorly balanced meals at irregular hours put too heavy a strain upon his body. Whatever were the reasons, Beethoven suffered from rheumatism, indigestion, and weak eyes, and finally from dropsy. He seems never to have enjoyed good health.

The terrible calamity of his life—his loss of hearing —came when he was in his thirty-second year. He became one of the most tragic figures of his generation, a composer who could not hear his own music.

For a while he would not admit it, even to himself. That he, who was so passionately fond of music, to whom it seemed the sweetest thing in life, should cease to hear seemed too cruel to be true. It was just the same as if some great artist were suddenly to lose his eyesight and never again see the beauty of colors. He consulted one doctor after another in frantic efforts to find a remedy. It was of no avail. His deafness increased so quickly that while still a comparatively young man he was nearly totally deaf.

As he realized what was happening Beethoven became unutterably miserable. He knew that resignation to his fate was the only thing left to him. In utter misery he exclaimed, "Resignation! what a miserable refuge, and yet it is the only one left for me." He even thought of taking his own life. "If I had not read," he exclaimed,

"that man must not of his own free will end his life, I should have done so long ago." A mechanician named Maelzel made a pair of ear trumpets for him; and at first the composer thought they would be a great help, but he was bitterly disappointed and discarded them.

For some time Beethoven had worried about his hearing but attributed the difficulty to causes he hoped were temporary. As early as 1798 he wrote to his friend Wegeler: "For the last three years my hearing has been getting weaker and weaker and the cause must have been the condition of my bowels, which, as you know, was already wretched but has become worse. I have attacks of diarrhea which make me extraordinarily weak."

Long before the public even suspected his misfortune Beethoven was seeking medical assistance. He took cold baths, which did him harm, and later warm baths, which helped his general condition but not his hearing. He was troubled with noises in his head which drove him to despair.

For nearly three years he avoided all society in order to conceal his deafness, but in the summer of 1801, when he was thirty-one, he wrote mournfully: "The higher notes of instruments and voices I cannot hear if I am a little distance away from them. Often if a man speaks softly I cannot hear—the tones, yes, but not the words; yet if anyone shrieks it is insupportable." With pathetic eagerness he marked the symptoms of his disease, ever hoping that first one remedy and then another would bring relief. Sometimes his spirits rose as he imagined that there was some improvement, "espe-

cially in my left ear, which is the one in which the trouble began."

He was extremely sensitive, and for several years even his closest friends pretended to be unaware of his condition. He hardened himself to a proud denial of his affliction, and the slightest reference to it infuriated him. But the disease was progressive, and the time came when he knew that concealment was no longer possible. In 1806 he scribbled on the score of a composition, "Let thy deafness be no longer a secret."

By his very nature Beethoven was destined to be much alone. His hard childhood and premature experiences of sorrow made him a prey to melancholy before he was far into his teens. He could isolate himself in a way very unusual for a youth of his age. Already there was a gulf which separated him even from the members of his own family. When deafness came the gulf was widened, and he became very lonely, first because of his genius, then on account of his affliction. Furthermore the lad made enemies. He was independent in an age when independence was dangerous, and outspoken where others would have held their peace. Most musicians owed much to their wealthy patrons, and the judicious thing was to show gratitude by servility. But Beethoven had a proud as well as a democratic spirit, and it led him to do unexpected and provocative things. He refused to take off his hat to royalty. He was a man with emphatic and often extreme views and prejudices. As Rolland said: "Beethoven would not be Beethoven if he were not too much of whatever he was." He did not conceal his scorn for people who he thought were "rich

folks with inward poverty." When his prosperous brother wrote him a letter signed "Landowner," he replied with a letter signed "Brainowner." After a violent quarrel with Prince Lichnowsky, whose family had shown him much kindness, Beethoven wrote: "What you are, you are by the accident of birth; what I am, I am of myself. There are and will be thousands of princes. There is only one Beethoven."

Yet this man, with so much rebellion in his spirit, was at heart humble and affectionate. If he appeared proud before others he was ruthless with himself and given to self-criticism. From his first days until the end of his career he toiled with indomitable perseverance and restless energy. He took nothing for granted but worked with tenacious patience. Once when speaking to some friends about his limitations he said, "And yet I had some talent for music." When his friend Czerny spoke of his great renown he replied: "Nonsense; I have never thought of renown or glory. What I have in my heart must out; that is why I write." He scribbled in his notebooks prayers which reveal his sorrows and his humility: "One thing I ask of thee, my God: not to cease thy work in my improvement. Let me tend toward thee, no matter by what means, and be faithful in good works."

Beethoven faced his terrible calamity with an amount of courage that seems amazing. He applied himself with increased enthusiasm to his musical studies and at times seemed almost to forget his deafness. There is no doubt that his affliction touched his spirit so that there is in nearly all his compositions a peculiar melancholy strain. He lived much to himself. He had already written:

"Poor Beethoven, there is no external happiness for you! You must create your own happiness." When he was only a little over thirty he wrote a letter which shows how extremely crushed he was for a time: "My heart and my mind were from childhood prone to the tender feelings of affection. Nay, I was always disposed to perform great actions. I have been attacked by an incurable complaint, made worse by the unskillful treatment of medical men, disappointed from year to year in the hope of relief, and at last obliged to submit to the endurance of an evil the cure of which may last for years, if it is practicable at all. Born with a lively disposition, susceptible to the diversions of society, I was forced at an early age to renounce them, and to pass my life in seclusion."

It is not to be wondered at that Beethoven developed some peculiar habits. He loved the out-of-doors, but if for any reason he could not get out he had ways of creating inspiration. "He would go to the washbowl and pour several jugs of water over his hands and wrists and dabble there until his clothing was drenched. Often in his rapture he would pour a great deal more water out than the bowl could hold, and the water would soon be dripping through the ceiling down into the room below." Sometimes when he was composing he would scarcely eat for days at a time; and it was utterly useless for friends to remonstrate with him, because he was like a man living in another world. Once when he was engaged on a great composition a friend called upon him and thus described his visit: "The house was deserted by servants; every comfort was absent. Shut up

in a room alone the great man resorted to singing, shouting, stamping, as if in the throes of mental torture. In appearance he was wild, disheveled, exhausted with long periods of work and abstinence from food of any kind."

He got his greatest inspiration out of doors. He would go out in the wettest of weather, then come in dripping with rain and shake the water from his hat and clothes, quite unaware that he was spoiling the carpets, coverings, and furniture. He seemed as if he must get alone with nature and with God in order to do his best work. His mind was strangely awakened by the sight of a storm. He was supremely happy when the wind bent the pine trees around him and the lightning flashed. He could not hear the singing of the birds; but he loved to watch their flight, and he remembered how they sang. He would stay in the solitary woods until his whole being seemed full of strange music; then he would hurry back to his room to put down what he had conceived, while the inspiration was still upon him. As he raced through the streets with his hat gone and his bushy head bowed, not looking at anyone, the people who knew his strange moods would laugh and say, "It is just Ludwig Beethoven. Only his body is in this world." At other times he would sit down at the piano and, bending very low over the keys in a frantic effort to catch the sound, he would play on rapturously, not seeming to know who or where he was; meanwhile a crowd would gather around the window and at the open doors.

At times Beethoven was subject to fits of irritability and even to outbursts of rage, but it must not be for-

gotten that he was a great sufferer. In addition to being totally deaf he suffered much from rheumatism, indigestion, and finally dropsy. Sometimes when out walking with a friend he could not help noticing how much his friend could hear and he could not. The singing of the birds, the music of the flute, the sound of human voices, and similar joys were lost to him; and as he noticed how much they meant to others he would often be overwhelmed with grief. Frequently when in the company of friends he would talk brilliantly for a while, then suddenly lapse into silence from which none could arouse him.

For a considerable time after he became deaf Beethoven continued to lead the orchestra in his great compositions. He was extremely sensitive, and no doubt he often pretended to hear when in reality he could not. He was just as eccentric in leading an orchestra as in private. He would put tremendous physical energy into the task, making himself smaller and smaller to compel softened sounds, then rising and standing on tiptoe with head thrown back when every instrument of the orchestra burst forth. He could not endure frivolity when music was being rendered. Any apparent restlessness or apathy on the part of the audience drove him frantic. On one occasion when he observed some young people laughing and talking while he played, he stopped immediately and said, "I do not play for such swine."

During the later years of his life Beethoven was almost totally deaf. He could hear only the loudest noises. From the time he was forty-six until he died eleven years later, he heard practically nothing. Sometimes at

the solicitation of friends he would sit at the piano and play, but it was generally a painful experience for all concerned. He could not hear the music, and at times he played so loudly that the strings vibrated; at other times he touched the keys so lightly that no sound was forthcoming. After such a performance one of his closest friends wrote, "His melancholy is no longer an astonishment to me."

It was not until 1822 that he finally admitted, to the public at least, his total deafness. A performance of his *Fidelio* was announced; and, much against the advice of his friends, Beethoven insisted upon attempting to conduct the rehearsals. The musicians by now all knew about his deafness and were anxious to spare his feelings and to co-operate as much as possible, but at the first rehearsal there was failure. The members of the orchestra got ahead of the vocalist, and soon everything was in confusion. One of the violinists feigned illness so that all might start over again. The second attempt was worse than the first. A friend scribbled on a piece of paper "Go home," and handed it to Beethoven. He realized what was happening; and, throwing down his baton, he rushed from the building. Later he was found in his home seated upon a sofa, his head between his hands, his body shaken with sobs. It was a painful experience and one from which he never fully recovered.

The deep affection, almost reverence, that people felt for him did much to comfort him in his closing years. His eccentricities were those of a genius, while his self-effacement and carelessness where monetary matters were concerned bore the same hallmark. When money

did come to him freely, the simplicity of his noble mind was revealed in his dealings with those who he thought had some claim upon him. From time to time he helped his irresponsible and dissolute father and his brothers, who were quick to take advantage of any good fortune which came to him. He took an almost childish delight in relieving the distress of needy friends.

In May, 1824, three years before his death, a great audience assembled in Vienna to hear his *Ninth Symphony* and to do him honor. Beethoven was manifestly pleased. He stood near the conductor's stand during the entire performance, watching every movement of conductor and orchestra although he heard nothing. At the close there was thunderous applause, a remarkable demonstration of appreciation and affection. He stood looking around, apparently absorbed in thoughts of the music just concluded. When at last his attention was drawn to the excited people, he smiled his thanks.

He retired to the country and, practically shut off from all social intercourse, devoted himself to composition. But his body, never strong, was breaking up, and he was forced to return to Vienna in order to be near his physician. The shadows lengthened and the wheels of life dragged wearily on for a few months. He died on March 26, 1827, in his fifty-seventh year. On the day of his passing there was a terrific thunderstorm; and, prompted no doubt by thoughts of the heavy burden he had carried so long, he said with his last breath, "I shall hear in heaven."

His will was a remarkable document which revealed at once the sincerity and humility of a noble mind. He

left what property he had to his brothers and addressed to them—who were indebted to *him*—a long plea for forgiveness because in his devotion to music he had withdrawn so much from their society. From that document, written with such tender solicitude for the welfare of those he was leaving, I select this closing passage: "My prayer is that your life may be better, less troubled by cares, than mine. Recommend to your children virtue; it alone can bring happiness, not money. I speak from experience. It was virtue which bore me up in time of trouble; to her, next to art, I owe thanks to not having laid violent hands on myself. Farewell, and love one another. My thanks to all friends, especially Prince Lichnowsky and Professor Schmidt. I should much like one of you to keep as heirloom the instruments given me by Prince Lichnowsky, but let no strife arise between you concerning them; if money should be of more service to you, just sell them. How happy I feel that, even lying in my grave, I may be useful to you."

WILLIAM COWPER

TOWARD the end of the eighteenth century William Cowper was ranked by many as Britain's outstanding poet. Southey, who was a contemporary, wrote: "He is the most popular poet of his generation and the best of English letter writers"; while the essayist Charles Lamb described him as being "of England's bards, the wisest and the best." True, Lamb later said that his published estimate was intended to encourage Cowper, who had suffered a severe nervous breakdown; but there is no doubt about the very high place Cowper held, and still holds, in the realm of good literature.

Yet Cowper was an invalid, subject to such serious attacks of melancholia that he twice had to be committed to a mental institution. It is never easy to ascertain the cause of any nervous disorder, or rather the causes, for invariably there are a number of reasons; and in Cowper's case his fits of deep depression seem to be due to a combination of unfortunate circumstances. He lived in an age when remedial treatment for those who suffered from morbidness and despondency was at its best very crude, and the astonishing thing is not that Cowper had frequent breakdowns in health but that he

rallied so completely from his derangements as to continue to write first-class poetry and some of the finest letters in the English language.

His mother died in 1737, when the poet was six years of age. Several of his biographers have attributed most of his subsequent tragic experiences to that bereavement; and while I cannot fully agree with that point of view, the blow deeply impressed the sensitive boy and was a lifelong memory. Fifty-three years later, when through the kindness of a cousin he received his mother's picture, he wrote a poem which reveals in its plaintive lines the shattering consequences of that early experience:

> My mother! when I learned that thou wast dead,
> Say, wast thou conscious of the tears I shed?
> Hovered thy spirit o'er thy sorrowing son,
> Wretch even then, life's journey just begun?
> Perhaps thou gav'st me, though unfelt, a kiss;
> Perhaps a tear, if souls can weep in bliss.—
> Ah, that maternal smile!—it answers—Yes.
> I heard the bell tolled on thy burial day,
> I saw the hearse that bore thee slow away,
> And, turning from my nursery window, drew
> A long, long sigh, and wept a last adieu!
>
>
>
> Thy maidens, grieved themselves at my concern,
> Oft gave me promise of thy quick return;
> What ardently I wished, I long believed,
> And, disappointed still, was still deceived;
> By expectation every day beguiled,
> Dupe of to-morrow even from a child.
> Thus many a sad to-morrow came and went,

Till, all my stock of infant sorrows spent,
I learned at last submission to my lot,
But though I less deplored thee, ne'er forgot.

Some have thought that after the lapse of so many years Cowper magnified this sorrow, yet the frequent references to the subject in his letters disprove this. In 1794 he wrote to his friend Joseph Hill: "I can truly say that not a week passes (perhaps I might say with equal veracity, not a day) in which I do not think of her. Such was the impression her tenderness made upon me, though the opportunity she had for showing it was so short."

To his cousin who sent him his mother's picture Cowper wrote: "The world could not have furnished you with a present so acceptable to me as the picture which you have so kindly sent me. I received it the night before last, and viewed it with trepidation of nerves and spirits somewhat akin to what I should have felt had the dear original presented herself to my embraces. I kissed it, and hung it where it is the last object that I see at night, and, of course, the first on which I open my eyes in the morning. She died when I completed my sixth year; yet I remember her well, and am an ocular witness of the great fidelity of the copy. I remember, too, a multitude of the maternal tendernesses which I received from her, and which have endeared her memory to me beyond expression."

Soon after his mother's death the six-year-old boy was sent to a private school, where he was most unhappy;

and, to make his misery complete, he was singled out by a bully for the most brutal treatment. Here in his words is an account of those unhappy days:

"I had hardships of different kinds to conflict with, which I felt more sensibly, in proportion to the tenderness with which I had been treated at home.

"But my chief affliction consisted in my being singled out from all the other boys, by a lad about fifteen years of age, as a proper object upon which he might let loose the cruelty of his temper. I choose to forbear a particular recital of the many acts of barbarity with which he made it his business continually to persecute me: it will be sufficient to say that he had, by his savage treatment of me, impressed such a dread of his figure upon my mind that I well remember being afraid to lift up my eyes upon him higher than his knees, and that I knew him by his shoe buckles better than any other part of his dress. May the Lord pardon him, and may we meet in glory!"

In 1741 Cowper entered Westminster School, where he remained for seven years. Later, in his *Memoirs,* the poet recorded with remarkable clarity and frankness an account of his life, and we know that the years at Westminster were not altogether unhappy; at all events, he was not a misfit. The private schools in those days, such as Westminster, were certainly not havens of refuge for sensitive boys. There was considerable suffering and humiliation for the younger and weaker boys, and it is clear that young Cowper was often unutterably lonely and that his highly sensitive disposition was responsible for morbid tendencies.

It was his father's wish that William should study law, and he was apprenticed to a solicitor in London. But it was a tragic mistake. He lacked the poise and self-assurance necessary for such a calling, and he felt himself to be a failure from the beginning. It was at this period of his life that he saw much of his cousins, Harriet, Theodora, and Elizabeth, who were to mean so much to him in later years. He proposed marriage to Theodora, and she was quite willing to accept him; but her father was definitely opposed to it, and his emphatic disapproval of Cowper's proposal did much to wound the already dejected law student. The lovers were forbidden to correspond or meet. They parted, pledging vows of undying devotion; and, in the long sad years which followed, Theodora—through the medium of her sister Harriet—sent him such money as he needed, and watched over him from afar. Neither she nor Cowper ever married.

Cowper was called to the bar in 1754, and then began what was to be his most intense struggle with ill-health. His uncle, Major Cooper, had in his patronage a desirable position of a political nature. There was a condition to the effect that the applicant must appear at the bar of the House of Lords. He shrank from such an ordeal, and his suffering became intense. In his *Memoirs* he wrote: "All the horror of my fears and perplexities now returned. A thunderbolt would have been as welcome to me as this intelligence, . . . yet the interest of my friend, the honor of his choice, my own reputation, all urged me forward. Those whose spirits are formed like mine, to whom a public exhibition of themselves is

mortal poison, may have some idea of the horror of my situation; others can have none."

During the weeks before the examination Cowper's anxiety increased daily. To use his own words, his feelings were "those of a man approaching execution." He could rest neither day nor night. The demon of melancholia attacked him as never before. No less than twenty-five pages of the *Memoirs* are filled with a description of what followed during those days. He discussed the ethics of suicide with acquaintances wherever he met them. He bought a large quantity of laudanum and kept it secreted in his pocket. Then he decided in favor of drowning himself. He went down to a wharf, but there was a porter seated with some goods, "as if to prevent him." When the day of examination arrived, he made futile attempts at suicide. His brother and friends were sent for, and they found him so deranged that there was no alternative but to commit him to an asylum at St. Albans. He was at that time thirty-two years of age.

Cowper remained in this mental hospital for eighteen months. The superintendent of the institution was a Dr. Cotton, who appears to have been efficient, mellow, and very human. For several months Cowper was in despair. He thought he had committed sins for which there was no forgiveness. Unfortunately, the character of God as a stern, exacting judge had been kept so consistently before him that there seemed no place for divine love or mercy. Cowper believed in the doctrine of predestination, and with every nervous breakdown he became more convinced that he was not among the elect. This

doctrine became his nightmare, and the mere mention of it was enough to plunge him into absolute despair.

Without even asking him to read it, Dr. Cotton made a Bible available to Cowper; and one day while reading it he came across this verse: "Whom God hath set forth to be a propitiation through faith in his blood, to declare his righteousness for the remission of sins that are past, through the forbearance of God." Immediately his depression vanished, the clouds lifted—or to use his own expression, the chains were broken and he was a new man. In his *Memoirs* he wrote:

"Immediately I received strength to believe it, and the full beams of the Sun of Righteousness shone upon me. I saw the sufficiency of the atonement he had made, my pardon sealed in his blood, and all the fullness and completeness of his justification. In a moment I believed, and received the gospel. Whatever my friend Madan had said to me, long before, revived in all its clearness, with demonstration of the Spirit and with power. Unless the Almighty arm had been under me, I think I should have died with gratitude and joy. My eyes filled with tears, and my voice choked with transport; I could only look up to heaven in silent fear, overwhelmed with love and wonder."

From then on his recovery was steady and continuous. At the end of eighteen months he took an affectionate leave of Dr. Cotton and warmly thanked him for his help. Cowper was to have other breakdowns, but never one so serious again. He was to suffer from depression, but never from such abysmal depths of despair.

Some writers have blamed religion for Cowper's

breakdowns; but, as Gilbert Thomas points out in his excellent biography of Cowper, the poet was subject to melancholia long before he was actively interested in religion. It was through religion—when presented in a truly Christian way—that he gained his recovery. Whatever balance and peace came to him in later years was due to faith in the wisdom and goodness of God. Whenever his sensitive spirit was bruised and his mind baffled, he sought refuge in the truth expressed in one of his own hymns:

His purposes will ripen fast,
 Unfolding every hour;
The bud may have a bitter taste,
 But sweet will be the flower.

Blind unbelief is sure to err,
 And scan his work in vain;
God is his own interpreter,
 And he will make it plain.

Cowper felt unfitted to return for the life in the law courts; and he retired to the small town of Huntingdon, where he lived modestly on a small pension of sixty pounds a year. For a time he lived the life of a recluse, taking long solitary walks, attending church regularly but speaking to no one. One day when leaving church Cowper was spoken to by a young man named William Unwin, who invited him home for tea. The elder Mr. Unwin was a clergyman of the town who prepared pupils for university. His gracious wife—who was seven years older than Cowper—from the beginning seemed

to understand the pathetic loneliness of the poet, and for over thirty more-or-less-troubled years she was his steadfast friend. Cowper made his home with the Unwins; and when Mr. Unwin died the poet and the members of the Unwin family moved to Olney to be near the Rev. John Newton, an Anglican clergyman and a strenuous preacher of those days, who had been strongly attracted to Cowper.

Cowper's health was a constant source of anxiety both to himself and his friends. Although he was by nature excessively shy and retiring, his religious experience made him active; and John Newton managed to infuse some of his own enthusiasm into Cowper's frail body, often with disastrous results. Together they visited the sick, the poor, and the dying, and conducted public services whenever possible. It was during these days that the revival of religion led by John and Charles Wesley and George Whitefield was stirring England, and Newton was greatly interested in the movement.

In January, 1773, Cowper suffered another period of mental derangement. Previous to this a succession of trying events had put a severe strain upon an already overwrought man. The removal of William Unwin, who had been as a younger brother, to another county; the death of his only brother; and financial worries of his own—all these united to crush Cowper, and for a second time he lost the kindly light of reason. Again he attempted suicide but was frustrated. At the end of several months his clouded mind cleared, and the strange thing is that Cowper was still to write his best poetry and prose.

With the hope of diverting his thoughts from morbid introspection Newton sought Cowper's collaboration in writing some hymns intended to make church services more evangelical. The close friendship between Newton and Cowper must be considered as one of the most beautiful of all historic friendships. Newton was robust in spiritual as well as physical qualities, and his loyalty and devotion never wavered. He did all that was in his power to protect his sensitive friend against the infirmity of his troubled mind. The proposal was most timely and congenial; and the two men, working over a period of eight years, succeeded in producing the *Olney Hymns* in 1779. The hymns met with a cordial reception and added to Cowper's literary reputation. He contributed sixty-eight hymns to the collection; and, while they are not all of equally high quality, many of them have found a permanent place in the hymnology of the Christian Church. Among the best-known are: "Sometimes a Light Surprises"; "Hark, My Soul! It Is the Lord"; "God Moves in a Mysterious Way"; "There Is a Fountain Filled with Blood"; "The Spirit Breathes upon the Word"; "Jesus, Where'er Thy People Meet"; and "O For a Closer Walk with God."

Newton's preface to the *Olney Hymns* explains the difficulties under which he labored and also why so many of his own hymns were chosen. Furthermore, it explains the magnanimity of his disposition.

"The book was intended as a monument, to perpetuate the remembrance of an intimate and endeared friendship. With this pleasing view I entered upon my part, which would have been much smaller than it is,

and the book would have appeared much sooner, and in a very different form, if the wise, though mysterious, providence of God had not seen fit to cross my wishes. We had not proceeded far upon our proposed plan, before my dear friend was prevented, by a long and effective indisposition, from affording me any further assistance. My grief and disappointment were great; I hung my harp upon the willows, and for some time thought myself determined to proceed no further without him. Yet my mind was afterwards led to assume the service. My progress in it, amidst a variety of other engagements, has been slow, yet in a course of years the hymns amounted to a considerable number. And my deference to the judgment and desires of others has at length overcome the reluctance I long felt to see them in print, while I had so few of my friend's hymns to insert in the collection."

To have written these hymns was a good day's work in itself. One of the earliest and still one of the best-loved hymns of Cowper's reflects his spiritual introspection; nothing could be more characteristic than these lines:

> Where is the blessedness I knew
> When first I saw the Lord?
> Where is the soul-refreshing view
> Of Jesus and his word?

Cowper published his first book of poems in 1785, when he was fifty-four years of age. This volume represented his most ambitious efforts and made him the most favorably discussed author in England. Among

other poems the book included: "The Progress of Error"; "Truth"; "Table Talk"; "Hope"; "Charity"; his finest effort, "The Task"; and the immortal "John Gilpin." Among these poems will be found at least a score of brief sayings which are known wherever the English language is spoken. The poems reflect the spirit of a noble mind, one with a gift of graceful expression, a quiet sense of humor, and a refined spirit. The unhappy morbid strain under which Cowper spent so much of his life is quite absent from these poems.

The following years brought Cowper some consolations. His cousin Harriet—now Lady Hesketh—visited him and brought news of Theodora, who, while in the background, had been a guardian angel. He got away for a time from the conviction of his spiritual doom, and a more healthy idea of God's mercy encouraged him. For over thirteen years there had been no major misfortune and no nervous breakdown. He was offered the much-coveted honor of poet laureate in 1790, which he wisely declined, although the incident must have given him pleasure.

The crowning sorrow of Cowper's closing years was the death of Mrs. Unwin in September, 1796. It is impossible to write of all this devoted Christian woman had meant to Cowper. His poem "To Mrs. Unwin" is a tender tribute to a noble life. He lived for another four years after her passing, but he was listless and frequently sad. He continued, however, to compose poetry and to make translations from the Latin.

In April, 1800, he was seized with dropsy. The nurse in attendance asked him if he would care for some re-

freshment. "What can it signify?" he said. These were the last words he spoke. He died so peacefully that those in the room hardly knew he had passed on until they saw that "his expression had settled into one of calmness and composure, mingled, as it were, with holy surprise."

Some years later a great poet, Elizabeth Barrett Browning—herself a lifelong invalid—wrote this exquisite tribute to Cowper:

O men, this man in brotherhood your weary paths beguiling,
Groaned inly while he taught you peace, and died while ye were smiling!

.

And now, what time ye all may read through dimming tears his story,
How discord on the music fell, and darkness on the glory,
And how when, one by one, sweet sounds and wandering lights departed,
He wore no less a loving face because so broken-hearted.

.

He shall be strong to sanctify the poet's high vocation,
And bow the meekest Christian down in meeker adoration;
Nor ever shall he be, in praise, by wise or good forsaken;
Named softly as the household name of one whom God hath taken.

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING

UNTIL HER fifteenth year Elizabeth Barrett Browning appears to have been a perfectly normal child, lively in her sports and decidedly precocious in her choice of reading. At fifteen, however, she had frequent attacks of coughing which were aggravated by a fall, so that she became ill, so ill that for a time her life was despaired of. The happy, carefree girl was changed into an invalid. She never had good health again. For more than twenty years she spent her days within the confines of a darkened room, a prisoner of pain and solitude.

Her mother died in October, 1828, when Elizabeth was twenty-two. "We lost more in her than she lost in life," she wrote. "She was one whose tenderness and watchfulness I have felt every day and hour since she gave me that life which her loss embitters." Four years later her father sold the home where she had been born and brought up, and for her it was a cruel uprooting.

Her father, Edward Barrett, was an extremely harsh and overbearing man who could never bear frustration or even mild opposition. Every member of the large family was afraid of him, and there was a continuous undercurrent of friction in the home. The few people

who saw Elizabeth during the years preceding and following her mother's death noticed how utterly broken in spirit she appeared to be. The truth is that Edward Barrett had a ridiculous idea of parental authority which made him positively cruel. He browbeat every one of his children into submission and, strangest trait of all, he forbade any of them to marry. When marriages did take place in his family, it was always in face of his deep displeasure.

In the meantime a measure of fame had come to the "invalid of Wimpole Street," as some members of the family called Elizabeth. Since her earliest teens she had not only written good poetry but had been a consistent contributor to the *Athenaeum* and many other of the best magazines in England. All she wrote was characterized by a depth of feeling and grace of expression which gave promise of what was to follow. She began to receive mail from all quarters. These letters were chiefly from people who admired her poetry and who wished to meet her. They would have been astonished had they seen the frail creature whose hold on life seemed so uncertain.

A shadow which darkened Elizabeth's life and never entirely lifted was the loss of a favorite brother by a drowning accident in 1840. During the previous year she had suffered an attack of fever which left her so weak that she had to be lifted from her bed to a sofa and for six months could not speak above a whisper. It was largely for her sake that the family moved to Torquay for a holiday. Her brother Edward and two of his friends went out one Saturday in a small yacht. They

took a pilot with them, but evidently they attempted too much. Evening came and they had not returned. All day Sunday there was anxiety and intolerable suspense. Years afterward, in a letter to Robert Browning, Elizabeth wrote of that experience: "For three days we waited—and I hoped while I could—oh—that awful agony of three days! And the sun shone as it shone today, and there was no more wind than now; and the sea under the windows was like this paper for smoothness —and my sisters drew the curtains back that I might see for myself how smooth the sea was, and how it could hurt nobody—and other boats came back one by one."

But the boat they all looked for did not come back. A week later the body of one of Edward's companions was picked up by a fishing trawler, and some days later Edward's body was brought in by a boatman who had seen it floating on the water. Elizabeth was prostrate with grief. She was too weak to be moved, yet she could not bear the lapping of the water. As soon as she could travel she was placed on a bed in an invalid carriage and taken to Wimpole Street.

When one remembers not only her invalid condition but how—encouraged by her father—she had refused to see people until, in her own words, she "had a blind dislike of seeing strangers," it is astonishing that she was able to appear cheerful. Yet she struggled back from her grief and despair and saw a few cherished friends.

Of this cheerfulness she wrote to a friend: "Nobody has known that it was an effort . . . to throw the light on the outside—I do abhor so that ignoble groaning aloud of the 'groans of Testy and Sensitude'—yet I may

say that for three years I never was conscious of one moment of pleasure in anything." And again she said: "My heart was eating itself. . . . I was buried. . . . After what broke my heart at Torquay, I lived on the outside of my own life, blindly and darkly from day to day, as completely dead to life of any kind as if I had my face against a grave, never feeling a personal instinct, taking trains of thought to carry out an occupation absolutely indifferent to the *me* which is in every human being . . . and thought it not worth while to put out my finger to touch my share of life."

Mention has been made of her growing fame and, consequently, her growing mail. It would have been a physical impossibility for her to see the many people who suggested a visit. Most of the letters were committed to the flames; but one day in January, 1845, she received a letter from a poet whose work had fascinated her. His name was Robert Browning. He wished to visit her.

Elizabeth had passed her thirty-eighth birthday; Browning was six years younger. She had yearned vainly for sunshine and health, for companionship, and, above all, for love. In later and happier years she wrote: "Time passed and passed and I seemed to stand at the edge of the world with all done and no prospect of ever passing the threshold of one room again. Then I turned to thinking that I had stood blind in this temple which I was about to leave—that I had seen no human nature; that my brothers and sisters of the earth were but names to me; that I beheld no great mountain or river—nothing in fact. I was as a man dying who had not read

Shakespeare—and it was too late. I live in London, and except for the glory of God, I might live in a desert, so profound are my solitude and isolation. I lie all day, and day after day, on this sofa, and my windows do not even look into the street. To amuse myself with a vain deceit of human life I have planted ivy in a box, and it has flourished and spread over one window and strikes against the glass." To a friend who strongly urged her to go to Italy she wrote deploring her inability to travel, and added, "I must be satisfied with my sofa and silence."

It was this woman, a great soul in a frail and tortured body, leading a life of physical suffering and spiritual isolation in a darkened room, that Robert Browning now asked to visit.

It is not my purpose, in this brief sketch, to write of what is one of the most delightful romances in literature —many excellent books, such as *Andromeda in Wimpole Street,* by D. J. Baynes, have done justice to the subject. I am concerned chiefly with invalid's magnificent struggle with poor health, but the truth is that no thorough understanding of Elizabeth Browning is possible unless the significance of her romantic love story is understood.

Browning was exceedingly anxious to visit her and would take no refusal. Her answer was: "Winters shut me up as they do dormice's eyes; in the spring we shall see." Browning overcame her reluctance, and the poets met for the first time in her darkened room. The love between them was almost instantaneous. To her he was already the greatest living poet; once they met he was

her lover. Writing to a friend she said, "Love quivered, an invisible flame, as sweet as spring, as ocean deep."

The progress of their love and the constant stream of letters which passed between them are well known, but the almost immediate effect upon her health has received less attention. Yet from the first tremors of that love she was gently drawn back from the gates of death. Later she told of it:

> Straightway I was 'ware,
> So weeping, how a mystic shape did move
> Behind me, and drew me backward by the hair;
> And a voice said in mastery, while I strove,
> "Guess now who holds thee?"—"Death," I said. But
> there
> The silver answer rang, "Not Death, but Love."

There was a formidable barrier to their union in the determined opposition of her father. Any idea of marriage between the lovers Edward Barrett considered preposterous, and they were able to carry on their friendship only under the strictest secrecy. This went on for over a year; then came a day when, in defiance of her father's anger, with a faithful companion she stole away and she and Robert Browning were married in Marylebone Church. It was the beginning of an ideal wedded life, although Edward Barrett never forgave her and father and daughter never met again.

Immediately after the wedding the pair left, first for a week in Paris. Then they went on to Italy, where they remained several years, chiefly for Elizabeth's health. They stayed for a while in Pisa and then went on to

Florence, where, with the exception of short intervals, the poetess passed the remainder of her life. Her sense of well-being and her heightened spirits constitute a miraculous proof of the power of love. To use her own expression, she had changed a resigned life for a happy one. She passed from twenty years' confinement in a depressing room, where she was suppressed by a censorious parent, to a land of sunshine and an atmosphere of love.

Even their best friends had some misgivings about the union. Her close friend Mrs. Jameson wrote: "They are both excellent but God help them! for I know not the two poet heads and poet hearts will get on through this prosaic world." One who loved them both, the great Wordsworth, wrote: "So Robert Browning and Elizabeth Barrett have gone off together! Well, I hope they may understand each other—nobody else could!"

One morning after breakfast in the spring of 1847 Elizabeth shyly placed a little pile of manuscript in Robert's hands. "Read these poems," she said, "and tear them up if you do not like them." She hurried away before he had time to open the packet. These were the now-famous *Sonnets from the Portuguese.* They were written for him out of the wealth of her heart's deepest affection; they were "as transcendently pure and splendid an expression of romantic love as was ever penned." No purer expression of a heart on fire with love has ever been written. Take, for example, these lines:

How do I love thee? Let me count the ways.
I love thee to the depth and breadth and height

My soul can reach, when feeling out of sight
For the ends of being and ideal grace.
I love thee to the level of every day's
Most quiet need, by sun and candle light.
I love thee freely, as men strive for right.
I love thee purely, as they turn from praise.
I love thee with the passion put to use
In my old griefs, and with my childhood's faith.
I love thee with a love I seemed to lose
With my lost saints. I love thee with the breath,
Smiles, tears, of all my life; and, if God choose,
I shall but love thee better after death.

Not only was Browning deeply moved by this tribute, but he gave it as his opinion that no finer sonnets had been written since Shakespeare. All may not share his view, but that they are written in excellent literary form and poetic feeling none will deny. How thrilled he must have been with these lines:

I yield the grave for thy sake, and exchange
My near sweet view of heaven, for earth with thee!

When in 1849 Elizabeth gave birth to a son, Browning sang a *Te Deum* of thankfulness. A few days afterward he was saddened by the death of his mother. The Brownings continued to write poetry of a very high order, and it is interesting to know that when the poet laureate of England, Wordsworth, died in 1850, many of the leading literary people urged that Elizabeth be appointed his successor. Browning had not yet reached the pinnacle of his fame; nor was the deep insight of his poetry fully understood.

In 1851 the Brownings returned to England, after an absence of five years. During those five eventful years to both had come an unexpected measure of fame. Elizabeth had written regularly to her father, although there had never been a line by way of reply. She did hope, however, for a reconciliation; and as soon as she landed in England both she and Robert wrote to Edward Barrett. By way of reply he sent back all the letters she had written during those five years—unopened and the seals not broken. There were other visits to England, but no reconciliation was affected nor was any meeting arranged.

In 1858 Elizabeth began to feel listless and unwell. In October they returned to Florence, and she never left it again. She had periods of recovery with a consequent revival of spirits. At other times she coughed so violently that she felt torn to pieces and her heart behaved in an extraordinary manner. The death of her sister Henrietta was a devastating blow to a tired spirit: "The wings of her spirit beat slower and slower; it was all she could do now to uplift them in her usual flights of gay courage and optimism." At times there was a telltale hectic flush on her cheek, and in her fluttering breath there was cause for alarm.

Browning was restless and worried with apprehensions he could not conceal from his ailing wife. In a dozen letters she referred to them; it was his love, she said, which kept her alive. The end came early in June, 1861. One evening after she had suffered a severe bronchial attack she said to Browning: "It is merely the old attack; . . . there is no doubt I shall soon recover."

Suddenly she became worse and he sent for the doctor. Later he wrote: "Then came what my heart will keep till I see her again and longer—the most perfect expression of her love to me within my whole knowledge of her. Always smilingly, happily, and with a face like a girl's; and in a few minutes she died in my arms, her head on my cheek." The passing took place on June 29, 1861, in Florence. There she was buried.

FRANCIS PARKMAN

THE LIFE story of Francis Parkman, perhaps the greatest of American historians, is the record of one who was frustrated in his keenest ambitions. All his life he admired men of action and virility. As a boy he desired above everything else "a life of action and death in battle." One of his limitations was an ill-concealed scorn for physical weakness and for occupations which called for meditation rather than for movement. His first biographer, Charles H. Farnham, who was for several years his secretary, wrote about Parkman's admiration for physical fitness:

"Early in his college life muscular development became his hobby; he desired to equal the Indian in strength, agility, endurance, and skill in woodcraft; he also became convinced that a healthy mind could exist only in a healthy body. But in pursuing these laudable aims he was exposed to many risks. His self-discipline began when he was yet a boy at home; he would not permit himself habits or thoughts tending in the least to weaken the central virtue of manliness. He never could abide weakness, either physical, mental, or moral; men, women, opinions, emotions, to command his admira-

tion, must show strength and energy. Thus the ways of the prudent, complaining, and self-indulgent invalid were to him worthy only of contempt. He himself, going to the other extreme, drove his body to exercise with an excessive and destructive ambition. He treated his infirmities by the fatal method of 'crushing them by force,' attaining almost a savage's endurance of pain. If the strongest mind, bent on attaining health and ignoring illness, were able to cure disease by will power, Parkman should have been the healthiest of men."

Yet this man was destined to spend by far the greater part of his life as a chronic invalid, to write of battles in which he would greatly have preferred to participate. Over and over during the days of the Civil War he mourned the fact that he held a pen when he wished to wield a sword.

He was born in Boston on September 16, 1823, son of a Unitarian clergyman. As a boy he was greatly interested in nature, more so than in his studies. Looking back upon his schooldays he wrote: "I walked twice a day to a school of high but undeserved reputation. Here I learned very little, and spent the intervals of schooling collecting eggs, insects, and reptiles, trapping squirrels and woodchucks, and making persistent though rarely fortunate attempts to kill birds with arrows." The woods near Boston were at that time quite wild, and they stimulated in young Parkman that love of nature which remained with him all his life. He climbed over rocks and hills and through uncertain marshes. He chased animals in ravines where he thought Indian warriors might have lain in wait for their victims.

He was still in his early teens when his interest in the history of the American Indians began to manifest itself. The ambition to write a reliable and colorful history of the French and Indians became the controlling passion of his life. He soon recognized that reading books alone would not suffice to prepare him for such a task; he would need to know the wildness and primitive ways of living if he were to make the subject live. At that time Fenimore Cooper's adventure stories about Indians had fired the imagination of countless youths. From the time that Parkman entered college he systematically prepared himself for life in the outdoors, so that he might join a band of Indians and study their life and habits at close range.

Even a long trip to Europe, which he was compelled to make because of his health in 1843-44, did not lessen his interest in the American Indians. The entries he made in his diary during his European holiday are the first indications that his health was precarious. At times he suffered much with his eyes, and there was heart trouble which may have been due to overstrain in the gymnasium at Harvard. Whatever were the causes of his ill-health, from this time on until his death nearly fifty years later he was an invalid. Pain continually sapped his strength; and he had few, if any, days free from suffering during his whole long literary career.

He graduated from Harvard with the degree of bachelor of laws in 1846, but he never practiced; it seems unlikely that he had ever seriously thought of doing so. He was already self-dedicated to the study of history. Then there came the opportunity for which he had

longed—an adventurous expedition into the West fraught with danger and difficulty. This was the trip which formed the basis of his earliest and best-known book, *The Oregon Trail.* He was twenty-three years of age, an excellent rider, a good shot, and well accustomed to outdoor life. He looked upon physical hardships with keen relish; and he set out with the firm conviction that the rigorous life on the Oregon Trail, which had ruined the health of so many, was just the experience he needed to restore his health and supply him with the information he needed. He wanted to see the Indians and study them in areas where they had not been spoiled and degraded by contact with white people.

Whatever forms of illness he had when he undertook that trip were decidedly accentuated before he had proceeded far. Once beyond the frontiers of civilization, he was confronted with unforeseen difficulties and incredible hardships. Parkman was the last man in the world to indulge in self-pity, but his diary reveals something of his sufferings. After leaving Fort Laramie he wrote:

"I had been slightly ill for several weeks, but on the third night after reaching Fort Laramie a violent pain awoke me, and I found myself attacked by the same disorder that occasioned such heavy losses to the army on the Rio Grande. In a day and a half I was reduced to extreme weakness, so that I could not walk without pain and effort. Having within that time taken six grains of opium without the least beneficial effect, and having no medical adviser, nor any choice of diet, I resolved to throw myself upon Providence for recovery, using with-

out regard to the disorder any portion of strength that might remain to me. So on the 20th of June we set out from Fort Laramie to meet the Whirlwind's village. Though aided by the high-bow 'Mountain Saddle,' I could scarcely keep my seat on horseback."

The savage Indians were a good deal of a disappointment besides being unreliable and suspicious. Often their attitude was menacing and openly hostile to Parkman and his three companions. He was a sick man, often in intense bodily pain, yet with the knowledge that advantage would be taken of any visible weakness.

Joining the Indians, he followed their wanderings for several weeks. To have worn the airs of an invalid would certainly have been an indiscretion, since in that case a horse, a rifle, a pair of pistols, and a red shirt might have offered temptations too strong for aboriginal virtue. Yet to hunt buffalo on horseback, over a broken country, when without the stimulant of the chase he could scarcely sit upright in the saddle, was not strictly necessary for maintaining the requisite prestige. The sport, however, was good, and the faith undoubting that to tame the devil it is best to take him by the horns.

The hardships of the Oregon Trail made heavy inroads on whatever measure of health Parkman had. The chief trial seems to have been the lack of digestible food. Farnham, who knew him intimately in later years, says that he became worn to a skeleton and was often faint and dizzy with lack of nourishment, having to be helped into the saddle, and that his mind at times lost its clearness. The prolonged and excessive strain of this journey under these conditions permanently impaired

his digestion, thus reducing his powers to resist the development of disease. In this way the Oregon trip was the immediate cause of his infirmities, though some of them may have had their source in heredity. Suffering as he did from troubles of digestion, he was unable to sleep during the night; when at dawn he dozed off, exhausted, his guide had to call him to depart. Thus began the insomnia that wearied him persistently all the rest of his days. From that time onward, during long periods of time he would get but two or three hours of sleep out of the twenty-four; he often had less than this, or even none, and when four or five hours of unconsciousness came it was an unusual blessing. His confidence in nature made him doubtful of physicians and drugs and gave him most hope in the natural powers of the body. Insomnia so prolonged and persistent was one of the greatest of his physical trials; it indeed seemed that insanity must at last result from this exhausting and irritating form of suffering.

Inflammation and weakness of the eyes naturally increased with the decline of his general health on the Oregon trip. The disease never left him, though it fluctuated often, and diminished somewhat as he grew older. Still another physical misfortune was his to bear: rheumatic gout with effusion in one of the knees. Finally, the overstrain of his early life was most regrettable in helping to develop some inherited tendency to disorders of the brain and nervous system. His general troubles were believed by the doctors to "come from an abnormal state of partial paralysis of certain arteries of the brain."

In spite of illness, by the end of 1846 he had visited nearly all the Indian tribes who were to form the basis of his historical studies; but his health had so suffered that the next two years were spent under the care of physicians who sought to improve his general health and that of an oculist who tried to save his eyesight. It was at this time that he resolved to attempt the composition of an important historical work, *History of the Conspiracy of Pontiac*. He was quite frank in his reasons for undertaking this monumental task. Faced with permanent invalidism, he realized that a man of his mental energy dare not remain idle. He had the conviction that both his bodily and mental health would suffer unless there was some definite object which summoned his energies. In his task he was handicapped by extreme weakness of sight, by a condition of the brain which made concentration possible only for short intervals, and by a derangement of his nervous system.

He caused a wooden frame to be constructed of the size and shape of a sheet of letter paper. Stout wires were fixed horizontally across it, half an inch apart, and a movable back of thick pasteboard fitted behind them. The paper for writing was placed between the pasteboard and the wires, guided by which, and using a black lead crayon, he could write not illegibly with closed eyes. He was at the time absent from home, on Staten Island. There and in the neighboring city of New York he had friends who willingly offered their aid. It is needless to say to which half of humanity nearly all these kind assistants belonged. He chose for a beginning that part of the work which offered fewest

difficulties and treated the subject with which he was most familiar, namely, the siege of Detroit. Books and documents were procured from Boston and read to him at such times as he could listen to them, the length of each reading never without injury exceeding half an hour, and periods of several days frequently occurring during which he could not listen at all. Notes were made by him with closed eyes, and afterward deciphered and read to him till he had mastered them. For the first half year the rate of composition averaged about six lines a day. The portion of the book thus composed was afterward partially rewritten.

When one remembers the difficulties under which Parkman worked, his accuracy as a historian is remarkable. He had inexhaustible patience, and even minute details were to him matters of first-rate importance. He visited nearly all the localities connected with his historic narratives, and this firsthand knowledge enabled him to write with remarkable realism. He roamed over the places until he sensed the atmosphere; in his mind he lived over the battles about which he was to write. He was not willing to write a single page until he had checked with scrupulous care every factor in the situation. It is no reflection on the work of others to say that very few historians in any country or in any age have written with such accuracy and reliability. It is more than fifty years since he died, and the passage of half a century has firmly established his reputation as the most dependable American author of his age. The fact is he loved the wilderness and primitive ways of living. When in his sixties he returned again to the for-

ests after forty years' absence he reveled almost as much as ever in hunting, fishing, and shooting. Canoeing was for him indescribably fascinating, and he still loved to go off on solitary excursions up lonely rivers, where his imagination had full play and he could live over again the romantic life of long ago.

Parkman never indulged in self-pity, and expressions of sympathy exasperated him. He was the typical stoic, courageous and self-reliant and almost defiant. He referred to his infirmities as "the enemy"; and for half a century he referred to this combat, sometimes with patience and good humor but always with the knowledge that it was a grim combat. In 1864 Parkman wrote an autobiographical letter which he entrusted to his friend Dr. Ellis, with the request that it was not to be used during his lifetime. After his death in 1893, Dr. Ellis opened and read the statement to the Massachusetts Historical Society. It was a simple statement of the terrific handicaps under which Parkman had done his writing. There was frank self-revelation in the letter in that it reflected moods and dispositions of Parkman which his most intimate friends had not suspected. In his writings he had rarely mentioned his sufferings, although one or two friends remembered his saying that at times he would have welcomed death. Writing about his handicaps in 1886, he said: "Taking the last forty years as a whole, the capacity of literary work which during that time has fallen to my share has, I am confident, been considerably less than a fourth part of what it would have been under normal conditions." From this it is evident that

he felt sure he could have accomplished a great deal more had he enjoyed better health.

Yet the sufferings of this heroic man were acute and prolonged. His secretary, Farnham, said that none of his bodily senses were well developed; "he was more or less insensible to delicate impressions of sound, color, odor, taste, and touch." He gave others the impression that he possessed tenacious vitality and unusual powers of endurance, but these were offset by physical limitations. In 1883—ten years before his death—he wrote a letter to a physician in Philadelphia, Dr. S. Weir Michell, which reveals a good deal:

"I regret to bother you again with my troubles, but as you have done more for me than anybody else, I am tempted to do so.

"For about two years I have observed an increasing tendency to insomnia. This autumn, within about two months, it has become extremely troublesome. Sometimes I do not sleep at all. Often I sleep only from one to three hours. The week before last, the average for seven days was about two hours. Last night I heard every clock but those of eleven and twelve. The preceding night, however, I slept—at intervals, and not continuously—to the amount of more than five hours, which was rather rare good luck.

"Bromide, etc., produce no effect. . . . Bating sleeplessness and its effects, I have been better than before, with the exception of palpitation of the heart, which is sometimes very troublesome.

"Throbbing in the ear at night is also annoying at times. The old distress in the head continues, but has

been less distressing within the last few years than before I took your advice. Within the last year I have done a very moderate amount of work, and recently none at all. . . . Muscular strength is not exhausted, but nerves are set on edge, and the condition of the head entirely precludes brainwork. I have occasionally had attacks as severe, or more so—once four successive nights absolutely without sleep—but this is more persistent than any before, and is aggravated by the palpitation of the heart, which I have reason to believe is not from organic causes."

The truth is that a similar letter might have been written by Parkman any time during the greater part of his life. He resented his physical limitations to an extent which at times made him appear brusque and impatient. Yet all who knew him intimately agree that he was distinctly a kindly spirit. His sympathies were quickly aroused; and, while he held emphatic opinions, he was free from personal malice and anxious to be fair to those with whom he disagreed.

He died on November 8, 1893, after three days' illness. The honors conferred upon him during his lifetime make up a very long and impressive list, but his greatest triumph was his remarkable victory over suffering and his struggle for self-mastery. A memorial service was held at Harvard on December 6, 1893, at which many glowing tributes were paid to Parkman. The historian Professor John Fiske closed an impressive address with these words: "The memory of a life so strong and beautiful is a precious possession for us all."

MADAME MARIE CURIE

WHEN MARIE CURIE was a child living with her parents at Warsaw, Poland, there was at least one phase of her daily life that she did not understand. She had boundless admiration as well as deep affection for her mother, she felt that there could not be anywhere in the world a mother so graceful, so good, and so wise—and yet this mother so adored by Marie had never, as far as the child could remember, once kissed her. Sometimes she ran her light fingers with an affectionate caress through the child's hair, and that gesture was the sweetest Marie ever knew. She could imagine no greater happiness than to be near the sweet and gracious lady who was her mother and to be reassured of her love and tender devotion.

There was a reason for this restraint which the child did not understand. When Marie was born, in 1867, tuberculosis appeared in the mother; and in spite of every care and treatment the disease made progress, so that by the time Marie was five her mother did not permit herself to embrace any of her four children. She concealed whatever suffering she had and even managed to give the illusion, to her children, of being in

good health. Such attempts at concealment were only partially successful, and eventually earnest requests for their mother's recovery formed part of the children's prayers.

The first great sorrow of Marie's life came when her eldest sister Zosia died. It was her first encounter with death, and it made a deep and painful impression upon her sensitive soul. Dressed in a little black coat, she formed part of the funeral procession; while her mother, too weak to go out, followed with her eyes the coffin of her child to the place of burial. Shortly afterward—when Marie was eleven—her mother died, and that circumstance left the child more or less bewildered: "Deprived of her mother's tenderness and the protection of her eldest sister, the child grew older, without once complaining, in partial abandonment. She was proud but she was not resigned. And when she knelt in the Catholic church where she was used to going with her mother, she experienced the secret stir of revolt within her. She no longer invoked with the same love that God who had unjustly inflicted such terrible blows, who had slain what was gay or fanciful or sweet around her." In later years Marie became more reconciled to this and to other sorrows which cast shadows over her sensitive spirit, but each blow did something to this exceptional girl who, in many ways, was so much like her mother.

When she was nineteen Marie secured a position as governess with a family where there was considerable wealth but little culture. It was then she realized more than she had ever done the fine atmosphere of her

home, now so sadly broken up. Poland was not free, and the lot of Poles in those days was an extremely unhappy one. But Marie's home life, in spite of poverty and sorrow, had been stimulating. When her teacher father, to whom she was much attached, had stood by the railway carriage to see her off on her long and lonely journey into distant parts, she had smiled; but soon she was crouching in a corner of the compartment, unutterably lonely, and watching through her blinding tears the snow-covered landscape through which the train passed. For some three years she taught under circumstances which often made her lonely and unhappy. She was frequently so hard up that she did not have the price of a postage stamp and so her correspondence was restricted. She sent every penny she could spare to help her brother get an education. Her feelings were not improved by the sight of so much extravagance in the home where she taught; but fortunately the years of exile, loneliness, and poverty chastened but did not sour the spirit of this girl who already had shown unusual capacity for sacrifice.

In 1891, when she was twenty-four, Marie went to live with her sister Bronya, who was married and living frugally in Paris. It was for her a great adventure and the fulfillment of a long-cherished dream. She spread out before her her very limited resources and found she had just money enough to travel from Warsaw to Paris fourth class. There were no compartments, and the coaches were almost as bare as freight cars. She took along her mattress, sheets, towels—indeed, all her earthly possessions—in a big wooden trunk which

looked very rustic, very old, but quite solid. Her clothes were old and threadbare but her eyes sparkled; she was rich in dreams and expectation.

Marie registered at the university and at once began her studies in science. To her, scientific studies were infinitely more exciting than any fairy stories ever written. Everything fascinated her—the professors, their apparatus, her fellow students—but, above everything else, the explorations in scientific knowledge. Besides her sister and her brother-in-law, Marie made the acquaintance of several students who were, like herself, Poles in exile. They were constantly making plans for Poland's freedom; and, like her, they were terribly hard up. It was at this time that Marie met a young Polish pianist who was half starved but very charming. "He was in love, nervous, happy, unhappy. He was to be a virtuoso and, one day, prime minister of a Poland reconstructed and set free. His name was Ignace Paderewski."

Because her sister's home was so far from the university Marie found it necessary to move, and for three years she lived in a cheap room. She lived so simply that she paid her way—room, meals, clothes, paper, and university fees—when her income was never more than forty rubles a month, about thirty cents a day, most of which came from her father. She had to deny herself all diversions and amusements; even friendly meetings were seldom possible. Sometimes she was compelled to change her rooms, but they were all alike in that they were cheap and bare and uninteresting:

"Later on the girl, in search of absolute calm, was to take an attic like a servant's room at the top of a middle-class house. For fifteen or twenty francs a month she found a tiny nook which obtained light from a loophole giving directly on the slope of the roof. Through this skylight appeared a small square of the sky. There was no heat, no lighting, no water.

"Marie furnished this room with all the objects she possessed: an iron folding bed, the mattress she had brought from Poland, a stove, a white wooden table, a kitchen chair, a washbasin; a petroleum oil lamp, covered by a twopenny shade; a pitcher which she had to fill at the tap on the landing; an alcohol heater about as big as a saucer, which was to cook her meals for the next three years; two plates, a knife, a fork, a spoon, a cup, a stewpan; and finally a kettle and three glasses into which, according to Polish custom, the student would pour tea when the Dluskis came to see her. On the occasions—very rare at present—when Marie received visitors, the rights of hospitality were asserted: the girl lighted the little stove, whose zigzag pipe described complicated angles in the room. And for a seat she pulled out of its corner the bulging brown trunk which served her as wardrobe and chest of drawers."

She traveled to the university on foot in all sorts of weather; and in the winter whenever she bought coal for her stove she carried it up to the sixth floor a bucketful at a time, finding it necessary to pause at each floor. Often, in order to secure warmth, she spent whole evenings at a near-by library—until the building closed at ten o'clock. Then she would return to her room,

where after studying for another three or four hours she would throw herself on her bed until morning.

Although living in the most fashionable city in the world, she continued to wear her Warsaw dresses until they were shiny and threadbare. From time to time she cleaned and mended them, and whatever washing she had was done in her own basin. Partly on account of poverty, yet to some extent because of absorption in her scientific studies, she rarely went to a restaurant and seldom made purchases of meat. For weeks at a time she ate nothing but buttered bread and tea with occasionally an egg or some fruit. As a result of this faulty diet and her intense application to studies she became anemic and frequently lost consciousness from sheer weakness. One day she fainted in the presence of some comrades, who took her to her attic room and notified her sister. When her brother-in-law hurried up the six flights of stairs he found her pale and sick, yet sitting up studying the next day's lessons.

When at last she earned her master's degree she was not satisfied even to pause; she proceeded to work for two more degrees, one in physics and another in mathematics. She was successful in earning the first of these in 1894. She was given the Alexandrovitch Scholarship, a scholarship of six hundred rubles a year for students of exceptional merit to pursue their studies abroad. This money enabled her to remain longer at the university than would otherwise have been possible. It was characteristic of Marie Curie that some years later, when she could afford to do so, she returned this money to the committee in charge of the scholarship award, in

order that some other poor student might be assisted as she had been. A grateful restitution such as this was unknown in the history of the society.

Marie neither looked for nor expected sympathy. She was first and always a student seeking the discovery of knowledge which would benefit mankind. Because she was humble and self-effacing she did not mind poverty and loneliness as otherwise she might have done. She was buoyed up by a magnificent enthusiasm which transformed as if by magic a life which to most people must have appeared sordid if not cruel.

In 1894 Marie first met a fellow scientist, Pierre Curie, who, like herself, was devoting body and soul to scientific research. Some years later she described in these words that meeting which was destined to mean so much to both of them: "When I came in, Pierre Curie was standing in the window recess near a door leading to the balcony. He seemed very young to me, although he was then aged thirty-five. I was struck by the expression of his clear gaze and by a slight appearance of carelessness in his lofty stature. His rather slow, reflective words, his simplicity, and his smile, at once grave and young, inspired confidence. A conversation began between us and became friendly; its object was some questions of science upon which I was happy to ask his opinion."

It is not surprising that these two devotees of science, both extraordinary in their intellectual life and moral worth, should be drawn to each other in a friendship which ripened into love. Like Marie, Pierre Curie had known much hardship and poverty. He had worked in

comparative obscurity and at the time of that first meeting was known to very few, even in his native city of Paris. The two were quietly married on July 26, 1895, and to an old friend who insisted on buying her wedding dress Marie said, "If you are going to be kind enough to give me one, please let it be practical and dark, so that I can put it on afterward to go into the laboratory."

From that time on the two worked together with such perfect understanding and mutual trust that it was almost impossible to distinguish each one's part in their completed endeavors. Both had that insatiable curiosity about unknown laws which is the first quality of a scientist. They took nothing for granted but performed literally hundreds of experiments to test apparently established truths. Their only laboratory was an old wooden shack, an abandoned shed with a skylight roof in such neglected condition that it admitted rain; in it were some worn tables, a blackboard, and an old cast-iron stove with a rusty pipe.

For years these two worked side by side in their search for the substance which became known as radium. Often they worked outside, but when a shower came they hastily moved their apparatus indoors. In looking back upon these years, Marie Curie later wrote:

"We had no money, no laboratory, and no help in the conduct of this important and difficult task. It was like creating something out of nothing, and if Casimir Dluski once called my student years 'the heroic years of my sister-in-law's life,' I may say without exaggeration that this period was, for my husband and myself,

the heroic period of our common existence. . . . And yet it was in this miserable old shed that the best and happiest years of our life were spent, entirely consecrated to work. I sometimes passed the whole day stirring a mass in ebullition, with an iron rod nearly as big as myself. In the evening I was broken with fatigue."

Comparisons are odious, especially when made between the achievements of husband and wife, but it is well known that Pierre on several occasions was ready to abandon a search which seemed destined to fail. Not so Marie. She was determined to isolate radium, and she scorned fatigue and difficulties. When at last they succeeded and the important discovery of radium was officially announced, the scientists of the world bowed before the superhuman obstinacy and amazing ingenuity of a woman. Marie and Pierre shared with Henry Becquerel the Nobel prize in 1903. No woman ever before had achieved such renown in the difficult realm of science.

The discovery of radium did not remove to any noticeable extent the financial burden which weighed upon the Curies. They were confronted with an important decision. Already malignant tumors had been cured by radium treatment, and proposals began to come from concerns that hoped to exploit radium for commercial purposes. Both agreed that this would be contrary to the scientific spirit. They took out no patents and published the results of their research without reserve. Thus they decided to take no material profit for a discovery which was undoubtedly one of the most important ever made. Pierre made application for sev-

eral posts in connection with the university but repeatedly was defeated, often by a very small margin. Positions there were secured by men who knew how to be extremely affable and who had influential friends. Pierre Curie was exceedingly modest and was frequently set aside after his hopes had been raised. In addition to these disappointments Pierre's health was far from good. He had frequent and violent attacks of what appeared to be rheumatism, which left him terribly weak; often he moaned for entire nights, watched over by a wife who was at one and the same time a leading figure in the world of science and a devoted wife and mother. The possibility that he might suffer an early death frightened Marie. "Pierre," she said, "if one of us disappeared . . . the other should not survive. . . . We can't exist without each other, can we?"

Soon after this there came to Marie Curie a sorrow such as she had never known. On the afternoon of April 19, 1906, Pierre Curie, who had not been in good health for some time, set out for a walk. There was a downpour of rain, and in the crowded streets of Paris the traffic became hopelessly encumbered. Pierre walked, as usual, with the air of a man preoccupied. Sometimes he kept to the narrow pavement, but frequently he stepped to the road. While attempting to cross from one side of the street to the other he was knocked down by a heavy wagon and dragged for some distance. The driver tried to halt the horses, but in vain. The back wheel of the wagon crushed his forehead, and a policeman picked up the body from which life had swiftly departed. How did Marie meet this

sudden and tragic bereavement? Here, in the words of her daughter, is an account of it:

"It is commonplace to say that a sudden catastrophe may transform a human being forever. Nevertheless, the decisive influence of these minutes upon the character of my mother, upon her destiny and that of her children, cannot be passed over in silence. Marie Curie did not change from a happy young wife to an inconsolable widow. The metamorphosis was less simple and more serious. The interior tumult that lacerated Marie, the nameless horror of her wandering ideas, were too virulent to be expressed in complaints or in confidences. From the moment when those three words, 'Pierre is dead,' reached her consciousness, a cape of solitude and secrecy fell upon her shoulders forever. Mme Curie, on that day in April, became not only a widow, but at the same time a pitiful and incurably lonely woman.

"First they brought her some poor relics found in the pockets of Pierre's clothes: a fountain pen, some keys, a wallet, a watch which had never ceased going and had even its crystal intact. Finally, at eight o'clock, an ambulance stopped before the house. Marie climbed into it, and, in the half-darkness, saw the kindly, peaceful face."

From all over the world messages of sympathy came to Marie. The world had lost an able scientist, and a great and noble woman had lost her companion. She was a lonely woman who had been much buffeted by adverse circumstances. Her outward calm alarmed those nearest to her, for they knew at least a little of her soul's anguish. In her diary she wrote: "I shall not

kill myself. I have not even the desire for suicide. But among all these vehicles is there not one to make me share the fate of my beloved?" For months the entries in her diary were addressed to Pierre—there were scores of notes such as this: "My Pierre, I think of you without end, my head is bursting with it, and my reason is troubled. I do not understand that I am to live henceforth without seeing you, without smiling at the sweet companion of my life."

She was just thirty-eight years of age, but she was almost worn out by grief and by incessant labor for the good of others. She was appointed to the position made vacant by her husband's death and agreed to continue his course of lectures. There was great curiosity as well as deep sympathy for her on the part of her husband's pupils. When the day came for her first lecture, how would she begin? What kind of introduction would she make? They waited. The door opened and quietly Marie Curie slipped in and walked to the front of the platform. She paused until the applause ceased. Then she began: "When one considers the progress that has been made in physics in the past ten years . . ." She had resumed the lectures at the exact sentence where Pierre left off. The students knew that they were listening to a brave though sorely stricken woman, and tears filled their eyes.

Marie's fame extended. Literally dozens of diplomas came to her from universities until her desks were full of them; she did not even have time to examine or make a list of them. In 1911 she was awarded the Nobel prize in chemistry. No other person had ever been considered

worthy to be offered the Nobel prize distinction twice. In spite of her seeming indifference to public opinion these repeated manifestations of esteem and affection helped to maintain her courage at times when her physical and nervous strength seemed at a low ebb.

When the first World War began Marie offered her services to the medical organization known in France as the National Aid Society. The sight of this frail little woman eager to devote what strength she had to alleviate suffering deeply touched the president of that society. Although there was no rancor or bitterness in Marie's soul toward enemies, she gave all she had to assist the war effort. Ambulances equipped with radiological apparatus soon were rendering most invaluable service. Little cars known as "Curies" were equipped by Marie at the laboratories and sent out on their mission of mercy.

It is too early to appraise the work of Madame Curie, either in regard to the discovery of radium or for the example she left of a woman wholly and unselfishly devoted to the pursuit of knowledge for the good of mankind. She disliked the noise of fame and adulation, and she was never remotely interested in the accumulation of money. A vast number of people have already benefited by radium treatment.

In 1920 she began to be troubled by blindness; a double cataract was slowly bringing darkness upon her. She was also troubled with severe head noises. She talked of these things only to her doctor and those nearest to her. Her most frequent request was, "Please don't speak of these troubles to other people." By the

use of heavy glasses she was able to get about and even to drive a car; she had some light till the end.

During the closing months of 1933 she suffered a great deal, and X-ray photographs revealed a large stone in the gall bladder. She sought recovery by a strict regime rather than from an operation. By the summer of 1934 it was evident that she could not long survive; she was literally worn out. Her radium researches had largely contributed to this weakened condition. Professor Regaud wrote: "Mme Curie can be counted among the eventual victims of the radioactive bodies which she and her husband discovered." She died at Sancellemoz on July 4, 1934.

SIR WALTER SCOTT

SIR WALTER SCOTT was born in Edinburgh, Scotland, on August 15, 1771; and for the first eighteen months of his life he was as healthy as any child could be. Then he was stricken with infantile paralysis, which left him crippled in his right leg. Every remedy that the parents could think of was tried without avail.

His grandfather, Dr. Rutherford, advised that Walter should live with him in the country and take as much exercise in the open air as possible; so it was that the lame boy went to his grandfather's house at Sandy-Knowe. Dr. Rutherford said that if Walter could be swathed in the skin of a freshly killed sheep it might cure his lameness, and this was done. One of the boy's earliest recollections was that of seeing an old man with white hair dragging his watch along the carpet while he painfully crawled after it.

The crippled child became a favorite with the kind folk of the countryside. He had a lovely Shetland pony, no bigger than a Saint Bernard dog and so affectionate that it followed him into the house and came to him instantly when he called. When he was very small he was carried out and laid upon the rocks, where his wonder-

ing eyes watched the sheep as they nibbled the grass near by. The sheep dogs, for which Scotland is famous, soon came to know the cripple. They licked his face as he gurgled with delight. As he grew older the little fellow sometimes became impatient with his shrunken leg and tried to run with his animal friends; but, while he was unable to do this, life in the open air made him a sturdy child, besides helping him to become one of the greatest lovers of animals who ever lived.

In spite of a shrunken limb the boy was fond of roaming among the Scottish hills and listening to the tales of the simple-minded folk. He had a wonderful memory and read every book of romance that he could find, with the result that his young head was soon filled with knowledge about the stirring scenes of Scottish history. He came to know old warriors who were only too glad to tell him of battles in which they had fought many years previously. As there were many picturesque ruins of old castles scattered over the countryside, with Flodden Field and Bannockburn not so far away, the boy's imagination was kindled and he seemed to live over again the stirring days of old.

Most of the information we have about his boyhood comes from his own pen, and at times he is hard on himself. When four years of age he went, accompanied by his Aunt Jenny, to Bath, in the south of England, where it was hoped the waters would do him some good. Naturally he was surrounded by a good deal of affection, and later he wrote of himself at this period as "an indulged brat"; when he returned to Edinburgh to live with his rougher brothers, where he was no longer so

much coddled, he felt the change and wrote, "I had sense enough to lend my temper to my new circumstances."

But if, because of his lameness, he was prevented during these early years from taking part in games and living an active life such as his high spirits called for, he was compensated by having read to him, and reading himself, books which made him wise beyond his years.

A Mrs. Cockburn, cousin of his mother's, visited the Scott family in Edinburgh, and wrote the following account to a friend:

"I last night supped in Mr. Walter Scott's. He has the most extraordinary genius of a boy I ever saw. I made him read the description of a shipwreck. His passion rose with the storm. He lifted his eyes and hands. 'There's the mast gone,' says he; 'crash it goes!—they will all perish!' After his agitation, he turns to me. 'That is too melancholy,' says he. 'I had better read you something more amusing.' I preferred a little chat, and asked his opinion of Milton and other books he was reading, which he gives me wonderfully. One of his observations was, 'How strange it is that Adam, just new come into the world, should know everything—that must be the poet's fancy,' says he. But when he was told he was created perfect by God, he instantly yielded. When taken to bed last night, he told his aunt he liked that lady. 'What lady?' says she. 'Why Mrs. Cockburn; for I think she is a virtuoso like myself.' 'Dear Walter,' says Aunt Jenny, 'what is a virtuoso?' 'Don't ye know? Why it's one who wishes and will know everything.' Now,

sir, you will think this is a very silly story. Pray, what age do you suppose this boy to be? Name it now, before I tell you. Why, twelve or fourteen.—No such thing; he is not quite six years old! He has a lame leg, for which he was a year at Bath, and has acquired the perfect English accent, which he has not lost since he came, and he reads like a Garrick. You will allow this an uncommon exotic."

Though Scott's physical handicap never made him bitter, it was chiefly responsible for his becoming a writer. Later, when his own son wished to enter the army, he said, "I have no wish to combat a choice which would have been my own had lameness permitted." With his whole being he loved activity and the open air; and in the *Journal*, which he kept during the closing years of his life, there are repeated references to his lameness which reveal that while he was not altogether resentful he was disappointed. One of his biographers writes: "He became a writer much as, in primitive peasant communities, the blind man learns to play the fiddle." His mother said that if he had not been a cripple he would have been a soldier. We do not care to talk too much about blessings in disguise, but when we remember Scott's vast literary output—two hundred volumes—we think the whole world should be grateful that his efforts were directed into literary channels.

When he was seventeen Walter Scott was sent to a high school in Edinburgh. Later he wrote about that period of his life: "I did not make any great figures at high school—any exertions I made were desultory and little to be depended upon." The truth is that there

were some subjects he disliked and never seemed to master; but the great amount of reading he had done stood him in good stead, and his wide knowledge of Scottish history, especially folklore of the Border country, greatly astonished his schoolmates and teachers. He had spent much of his early years at Smailholm, overlooking the river Tweed, the center of a countryside teeming with romantic history; and the stories he heard from old people produced a deep and indelible impression upon his lively imagination. Besides this he had an extraordinary memory and was a born storyteller; at school and college he became noted for these gifts rather than for accurate scholarship. His son-in-law Lockhart said of him: "He obeyed nothing but the strong breath of his inclination." He went on long walking tours with friends and was attracted to historic spots and personalities as steel is drawn to a magnet.

His first efforts were poetic, and he achieved distinction as a poet long before his more famous historical romances were even thought of. His first publication to attract attention was *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border.* Soon afterward *The Lay of the Last Minstrel* brought him such immediate and widespread popularity that he decided to devote himself to literature.

For twenty-five years Walter Scott wrote novels and poems dealing with Scottish history, charming books which made him famous the world over. His poetry was good; his prose stories were better. First came *Waverley,* followed by *Guy Mannering, The Antiquary, Rob Roy,* and *The Heart of Midlothian.* Soon Walter Scott was the most famous British man of letters and,

through the enormous sale of his books, a wealthy man.

In 1811 he bought a farm on the banks of the river Tweed near Melrose, built a house upon it, and gradually enlarged and beautified the estate, which he named Abbotsford. The house itself was made beautiful without and within. The imposing rooms were encircled with suits of armor, swords, spears, and all manner of flags and relics. Magnificent pictures adorned the walls. Abbotsford was like a great museum where every picture reminded one of a life and every relic recalled a battle. The noble building was surrounded by stately trees which stretched to where the Tweed gently murmured on its way to the sea.

These were the happiest days of Walter Scott's life; he seemed to have everything that heart could wish. He surrounded himself with his beloved dogs, which seemed almost to be human, so intelligent and affectionate were they. The dogs were allowed in the house; indeed they had their place in the dining room. There was Hamlet, noisy and boisterous like a big mischievous boy; Marda, the staghound, serious and dignified; Finette, the pet Spaniel with silky coat; the excited little terriers, Pepper and Mustard—all watching Scott, whose every word they seemed to understand. Every morning after breakfast the master set off limping into the woods, followed by his dogs, all yelping joyously and not infrequently joined by Hinse, the big gray cat, who absolutely refused to be left behind.

The first sorrow of Scott's life was his lameness, but he bravely overcame this. The second great blow came when he was fifty-five years of age. A friend of many

years, James Ballantyne, had become an editor and publisher; and in his enterprise had sought the assistance of Scott, who lent him money to such an extent that he became a partner of the firm in 1805. Not long afterward his connection with the firm became closer, and the commitments of the firm were his. These arrangements were kept secret, and in the eyes of the public Scott was merely the friend of Ballantyne. Scott was not a good businessman, and he had neither time nor disposition to examine the tottering fortunes of the business. Ballantyne and a brother, who was also associated with the firm, appear to have been lazy; and even Scott could see this, for he pleaded with them to devote more time to the business. In 1826 the crash came, and Scott found himself loaded with liabilities which exceeded one hundred and fifty thousand pounds.

In the previous November he had begun to write a daily journal of his life, and with a few intervals there was an entry made daily for the closing six years of his life. We are thus enabled to see at close range the workings of his harassed mind through those trying years. Two days after he began the diary he received a hint of impending financial disaster. This led one of his biographers to think that he had felt the need of such an outlet for his feelings and also for a vindication to the world of what had taken place. No doubt he had sensed for some time that he and his partners were driving into perilous seas. At first he did not realize how serious the situation was, but when he saw how devastating and complete was his ruin he faced it with a

courage which makes his story one of the bravest in the history of all literature. He refused to declare himself bankrupt or to accept any discharge from his creditors. He—at the age of fifty-five, when his powers, physical and mental, were declining—set himself the gigantic task of paying off the debt. He solemnly pledged himself to devote the whole labor of his subsequent life to that end.

He frankly confessed that he had been wrong in building Abbotsford on such a large scale; and though he loved every brick in the building and everything about the place, including its associations, he resolved to leave it at once. "It has been my Delilah," he wrote. "I have half resolved never to see the place again. . . . My dogs will wait for me in vain, . . . but I must end this or I shall lose the strength of mind with which men must meet disaster." Shortly afterward he wrote in his *Journal*: "It does not mend matters that this is the first day that a ticket of sale is on my house. One gets accustomed even to stone walls, and the place suited me well. All our furniture is to go—a hundred little articles that seemed to me connected with the happier years of my life. It is a sorry business."

In the years that followed, Scott turned out a volume of work which must be almost without parallel in the history of authorship. He left Abbotsford, where his beloved wife lay dying, and hired a lodging in Edinburgh; and there for several years with resolute determination he toiled at his prodigious task. In 1827 he issued the *Life of Napoleon*, in nine volumes—a work he had been at for some time—*Chronicles of the Canongate; Tales*

of a Grandfather; Essay on Ornamental Gardening; Memoir of George Ballantyne; and several other books. The following year he wrote *The Fair Maid of Perth,* a second series of *Tales of a Grandfather; Essay on Molière;* and other volumes. At the end of two years he made this entry in his *Journal*: "I see before me a long, tedious, and dark path, but it leads to true fame and stainless reputation. If I die in the harrows, as is very likely, I shall die with honor; if I achieve my task, I shall have the thanks of all concerned, and the approbation of my own conscience." In two years he had paid over forty thousand pounds off the debt, but it was not entirely liquidated until some time after his death.

His wife died in 1826, and he was badly shaken. When that bereavement came he wrote in his *Journal*: "When I consider how things are now with what they have been I think my heart will break. Lonely, aged, deprived of my family—all but poor Anne—an impoverished and embarrassed man, deprived of the sharer of my thoughts and counsels, she who could always talk down my sense of the calamitous, apprehensions which break the heart that must bear them alone."

Although his *Journal* showed no sign of self-pity, he was breaking up. In 1830 he was stricken with paralysis, from which he never fully recovered. It was his hope that he might again face the world without owing a penny. It was too much to hope for. He himself confessed: "The task of pumping my brain becomes inevitably harder." He became forgetful and unable to concentrate. He completely forgot the plot of one of his novels and wondered how he had ever written it; it

seemed a new book. Illness grew upon him, and he was subject to headaches and hemorrhages. His friends watched his distress and must have been reminded of his own description of the Last Minstrel:

> Amid the strings his fingers stray'd
> And an uncertain warbling made.

He toiled on. Sometimes when friends called to see him and he was interrupted at his writing he looked around like one in a dream; then he would pull himself together by a great effort, and the clouds would disperse. He would show a stimulated and kindly interest in others, but soon the cloud came again and he was in deeper confusion than ever. Sometimes he tried to tell a story as in other days, but in the middle of it his mind would become a blank and the story would remain unfinished. About this time he got the delusion that his debts were all paid off, and he was very happy. He dwelt on this fancy until he believed it fully and implicitly. No one had the heart to tell him otherwise.

Friends thought that a trip to the sunny climate of Italy might help him, and the British government placed a ship at his disposal. He was abroad only a few weeks when he pined for home. On his return he spent some days in London but never seemed to know where he was. Most of the time he imagined himself to be still on board ship. "He yearned to reach Abbotsford, and at last the journey from London was begun. Waiting to be lifted into the carriage, he seemed to have no distinct perception of where he was, or how he came to

be there." One compensating circumstance was that although he was surrounded by his grief-stricken children and many friends he was quite unconscious of their grief.

He passed away on September 21, 1832. From the biography by his son-in-law, J. G. Lockhart, who was an eye witness of his passing, I quote this closing passage: "As I was dressing in the morning of Monday the 17th of September, Nicholson came into my room and told me that his master had awoke in a state of composure and consciousness, and wished to see me immediately. I found him entirely himself, though in the last extreme of feebleness. His eye was clear and calm—every trace of the wild fire of delirium extinguished. 'Lockhart,' he said, 'I may have but a minute to speak to you. My dear, be a good man—be virtuous—be religious—be a good man. Nothing else will give you comfort when you come to lie here.' He paused and I said, 'Shall I send for Sophia and Anne?' 'No,' he said, 'don't disturb them. Poor souls! I know they were up all night —God bless you all.' With this he sunk into a very tranquil sleep, and, indeed, he scarcely afterwards gave any sign of consciousness, except for an instant on the arrival of his sons.

"They, on learning that the scene was about to close, obtained a new leave of absence from their posts and both reached Abbotsford on the 19th. About half-past one on the 21st of September, Sir Walter Scott breathed his last, in the presence of all his children."

FRIEDRICH VON SCHILLER

WHEN NEWS of Schiller's death was carried to the poet Goethe, he lost his habitual calm and broke down. He covered his face with his hands and sobbed violently, then sank into so severe an illness that for a time his life was threatened. He said, "The half of my existence has gone from me." For a long time no one dared mention Schiller's name in his presence.

Of all famous friendships, that between Goethe and Schiller is one of the best known as well as one of the most intimate. They might easily have become rivals, yet their genius and their destinies seemed bound together. They first met in July, 1794, when Schiller was twenty-five and Goethe ten years older. Shortly afterward Goethe invited his new-found friend to visit him, and there began a close friendship which lasted till Schiller's death twenty years afterwards.

What the English critic Matthew Arnold said of Goethe seems to express the prevailing view; he called him "the greatest poet of the present age and the greatest critic of all ages." Yet this man of such extraordinary poetic gifts for over seven years turned his attention to politics and scientific research. It was the boundless and

outspoken admiration of Schiller for Goethe's work that brought the great man back to poetry and literature, and in doing that Schiller rendered a great ministry to his friend and to universal literature. To the end of his life Goethe recognized his debt to Schiller. He said: "You have created for me a second youth, and have again made me a poet, which I had almost ceased to be." In his biography of Schiller, Thomas Carlyle wrote: "Schiller and Goethe both possessed minds of the first order, yet they were constructed and trained in opposite ways. Each had much that was valuable to learn of the other, and suggest to him. Cultivating different kinds of excellence, they could joyfully admire each other's merit; few unkindly feelings could ever have taken place between them. . . . From the evils of misunderstanding Schiller and Goethe were delivered; their intimacy seems to have been frank and cordial. They were in the habit of paying long visits to each other's houses; frequently they traveled long distances together."

Friedrich von Schiller was born at Marbach, Württemberg, on November 10, 1759, just a few months after Robert Burns. The father, who was a doctor in the armed forces, was raised to the rank of captain and appears to have been a man of fine character. As a child Friedrich was as winsome in disposition as he was delicate in health. He was exceedingly fond of childish sports, but "occasionally he was overtaken with feelings of deeper import, and used to express the agitation of his little mind in words and actions which were first rightly interpreted when they were called to mind long

afterwards. His schoolfellows can *now* recollect that even his freaks had sometimes a poetic character, that a certain earnestness of temper, a frank integrity, an appetite for things grand or moving, was discernible across all the caprices of his boyhood."

Once, it is said, during a tremendous thunderstorm his father missed him from the young group within doors; none of the sisters could tell what had become of Fritz, and the old man grew at length so anxious that he was forced to go out in quest of him. Fritz was scarcely past the age of infancy and knew not the dangers of a scene so awful. His father found him at last, in a solitary place of the neighborhood, perched on the branch of a tree, gazing at the tempestuous face of the sky and watching the flashes as in succession they spread their lurid gleam over it. To the reprimands of his parent the whimpering truant pleaded in extenuation that the lightning was very beautiful, and that he wished to see where it was coming from!

Such anecdotes, I have long known, are in themselves of small value; the present one has the additional defect of being somewhat dubious in respect of authenticity. I have ventured to give it as it came to me, notwithstanding; for the picture of the boy Schiller contemplating the thunder is not without a certain interest for such as know the man.

Young Schiller was drafted from grammar school at the age of thirteen to a military academy and set to the study of medicine. But already there had developed in the boy a passion for literature, and before he had ad-

vanced far into his teens he was composing poems and sending them to local newspapers.

In 1780 he became a surgeon in the Württemberg army. He had been forced to study medicine against his wishes, as he had previously been compelled to study law. His heart was never in these studies; and, even while preparing for examinations in medicine, he spent many hours poring over the ancient classics and devouring Shakespeare, Goethe, and other poets. It was the opinion of Carlyle that being compelled to study subjects he cordially disliked had some decided value for Schiller. He brooded constantly over the vexations and hardships of his frustrated life; yet "the hard circumstances of his fortune had prevénted the natural development of his mind, but his faculties had gathered strength by opposition and the habit of self-dependence which it encouraged."

From infancy Schiller had been deeply religious, and in 1781 he wrote his first play, *The Robbers*. It excited a great deal of interest, chiefly because of the revolutionary sentiments expressed. The Grand Duke of Württemberg forbade Schiller to cross the borders of the state or to write another word except on the science of medicine. All he could see in Schiller was a misguided young enthusiast who nevertheless had sufficient ability to make him dangerous. Thus Schiller found himself under suspicion, in straitened circumstances, and subject to gloomy forebodings. But the play itself was extremely popular, and Schiller somewhat unexpectedly found himself famous. The play was an impassioned protest against the social anomalies of that day, and al-

though it was immature it gave promise of what was to come later. Schiller fled to Mannheim and henceforth devoted himself to literature.

During the years that followed, Schiller produced dramas which have a permanent place in good literature: *The Maid of Orleans, Mary Stuart, William Tell,* and *Wallenstein.* "This tragedy of *Wallenstein,*" wrote Carlyle, "may safely be rated as the greatest dramatic work of which that century can boast." Over this theme Schiller had worked for seven years, and the trilogy is the product of a noble mind, passionately in earnest. He was deeply moved by the pathos and tragedy of his times, and he dealt severe blows at the prevailing vice and corruption of the aristocracy. It was during these years that he formed his friendship with Goethe, and the poise and serenity of the older man did much for him. He formed other companionships which helped him out of the unrest and gloom and self-torture of earlier years.

As early as his thirtieth year Schiller had violent attacks of sickness which depressed his spirits and alarmed his friends. He was a victim of pulmonary consumption; and for the last fifteen years of his life there were few days, if any, without pain. He was warned by physicians against undue exertion, but he was not the kind of man to spare himself. After a violent seizure he was often so weak that he could hardly drag his exhausted body from the bed to the sofa. "His disorder, which had its seat in the chest, was violent and threatening; and though nature overcame it in the present instance, the blessing of entire health nevermore re-

turned to him. The cause of this severe affliction seemed to be the unceasing toil and anxiety of mind in which his days had hitherto been passed: his frame, which, though tall, had never been robust, was too weak for the vehement and sleepless soul that dwelt within it; and the habit of nocturnal study had, no doubt, aggravated all the other mischiefs. Ever since his residence at Dresden, his constitution had been weakened: but this rude shock at once shattered its remaining strength; for a time the strictest precautions were required barely to preserve existence. A total cessation from every intellectual effort was one of the most peremptory laws prescribed to him."

Some of his biographers—especially those who were contemporaries—blame him for a lack of prudence. He inverted the common order of things by working long past midnight, sometimes till daybreak, and resting till noon. Yet to him there was exhilaration in the solemn stillness of the night, and these night hours seemed indispensable. He was at this time a married man, exceedingly happy in his family life and with his friends. He had much to enjoy; and he gave himself without stint, and far beyond his strength, to the tasks which excited his conspicuous abilities.

Attacks more or less violent laid him low repeatedly, and yet these were his most productive years. There would be days when the most trifling exertion would cause him to faint; on other days he had paroxysms attended with delirium. Yet he would soon respond to the care of his beloved wife, Lotte; and visits from friends would hasten his recovery. One of his closest

friends said to him: "It is indeed fortunate for you that you have so admirable and devoted a wife; without her tender care it would have been difficult to save you."

Whenever he entered into the spirit of some frolic with abandon he atoned for it with much suffering. His friend Goethe had a melancholy feeling that some crisis was approaching. On New Year's Day, 1805, he wrote Schiller a message of affection and congratulation. On looking the note over before sending it, he noticed that he had accidentally put "the *last* New Year's Day," instead of the "present." He tore the letter up and wrote another, yet it was with a deep presentiment that there would not be another New Year's Day for both.

One evening while sitting up late talking with his wife and some friends, Schiller suddenly insisted with some vehemence that his wife retire to rest. She had no sooner left the room than he sank into the arms of a friend and remained unconscious for some time. When he revived, his only concern was lest his wife should have noticed the weakness which he had felt approaching. Up till a few weeks before his death he was engaged in writing a new drama, *Demetrius*. "There is a grief only experienced by active, energetic spirits, and anguish equally profound and sublime, well calculated to draw forth bitter tears, the anguish of parting from unfinished creations. The dying Schiller was mourning over *Demetrius*."

He died on the ninth of May, 1805. All morning he suffered acutely, then sank into a sleep. Later he awoke in full possession of his faculties and with a clear understanding that the end was near. He prayed, not with

any sense of fear but with the naturalness and manliness which had ever characterized him, for he was a man who knew well the language of prayer. As his friends gathered around to take a last farewell, he quietly discussed plans for his funeral. Someone asked him how he felt. He replied, "Calmer and calmer." Shortly afterward he told those around him that "many things were growing plain and clear" to him. These were his last words. He fell into a deep and peaceful sleep, so that none could tell the exact moment of his passing. After his death a surgical inspection of his body revealed that all his vital organs were deranged. "The structure of the lungs was in great part destroyed, the cavities of the heart were nearly grown up, the liver had become hard, and the gall bladder was extended to an extraordinary size."

Yet, withal, this brave man had worked continuously and cheerfully till within a few days of his death. To judge from his portraits, Schiller's noble face expressed well the features of a mind that was singularly free from malice or even the taint of ill-will. His true greatness shone through all the heavy clouds of suffering and disappointment. "There are few faces that affect us more than Schiller's; it is at once meek, tender, unpretending, and heroic."

BARUCH SPINOZA

ONE JULY day in 1656 a young Jew named Baruch Spinoza was summoned before the elders of the synagogue and charged with heresy. This young man, who was destined to become one of the world's greatest philosophers, was born at Amsterdam on November 24, 1632. As a boy he was unusually thoughtful and deeply interested in religious matters. His parents were very anxious that he should become a rabbi.

Before he was fifteen years of age he found difficulties in connection with the Scriptures and the Jewish religion which no one seemed able to answer to his satisfaction. A kind and sympathetic teacher could have helped him a great deal, but the rabbis and other leaders of that day were intolerant and bitterly resentful of the questions he asked.

One by one his Jewish friends fell away from him. They neither liked the questions he asked nor could they answer them. He was seldom seen at the services of the synagogue, and soon not at all. The jealousy of the heads of the synagogue was easily roused. Two so-called friends visited him and asked him to state his position, which he did with the sincerity and frankness

of his nature. These men then reported what he had said, probably adding something of their own. False rumors concerning him quickly spread. His enemies were so bitter that they wanted to have him condemned and excommunicated from the synagogue without even giving him a chance. However, at last he was summoned to appear before the authorities.

The circumstances which led to this summons do not make pleasant reading. They furnish an illustration of the extraordinary intolerance of those times and a sordid example of the lengths to which religious bigotry can go. Spinoza was the victim of gross misrepresentation and hatred to such an extent that attacks were even made. His friends—among them a rabbi named Morteira, whose pupil Spinoza had been—turned against him. The authorities of the synagogue tried to bribe him by offering to pay him an annuity of five hundred dollars if he would cease to propagate his ideas and maintain at least some outward loyalty to the synagogue and the Jewish religion.

Spinoza was modest, even his bitterest enemies conceded that, but he was honest and sincere to an extent that few men have ever been; and his poise and serenity before those who had it in their power to excommunicate him seem to have exasperated his judges and disappointed his friends. The elders were anxious to avoid the scandal of excommunication, especially of one who had shown so much promise. They questioned Spinoza, then pleaded, coaxed, and threatened; but it was in vain. He actually retorted that their unhappy faces made him pity them and even offered to assist them by

explaining more fully the act of excommunication. Their pride was hurt and their anger aroused. They proceeded with the solemn ceremony which would make Spinoza an outcast and brand him with a stigma forever. The earliest biographer of Spinoza, Jean M. Lucas, who was also his pupil, wrote a statement about the excommunication act and its significance; but the following account by a later biographer, van Vloten, shows how cruel and devastating its decrees could be:

"The heads of the Ecclesiastical Council hereby make known, that, already well assured of the evil opinions and doings of Baruch de Espinoza, they have endeavored in sundry ways and by various promises to turn him from his evil courses. But as they have been unable to bring him to any better way of thinking; on the contrary, as they are every day better certified of the horrible heresies entertained and avowed by him, and of the insolence with which these heresies are promulgated and spread abroad, and many persons worthy of credit having borne witness to these in the presence of the said Espinoza, he has been fully convicted of the same. Review having therefore been made of the whole matter before the chiefs of the Ecclesiastical Council, it has been resolved, the Councilors assenting thereto, to anathematize the said Spinoza, and to cut him off from the people of Israel, and from the present hour to place him in Anathema with the following malediction:

"With the judgment of the angels and the sentence of the saints, we anathematize, execrate, curse and cast out Baruch de Espinoza, the whole of the sacred community

assenting, in presence of the sacred books with the six-hundred-and-thirteen precepts written therein, pronouncing against him the malediction wherewith Elisha cursed the children, and all the maledictions written in the Book of the Law. Let him be accursed by day, and accursed by night; let him be accursed in his lying down, and accursed in his rising up; accursed in going out and accursed in coming in. May the Lord never more pardon or acknowledge him; may the wrath and displeasure of the Lord burn henceforth against this man, load him with all the curses written in the Book of the Law, and blot out his name from under the sky; may the Lord sever him forever from all the tribes of Israel, weight him with all the maledictions of the firmament contained in the Book of the Law; and may all ye who are obedient to the Lord your God be saved this day.

"Hereby then are all admonished that none hold converse with him by word of mouth, none hold communication with him by writing; that no one do him any service, no one abide under the same roof with him, no one approach within four cubits length of him, and no one read any document dictated by him, or written by his hand."

Spinoza took the sentence calmly. He had aroused the hatred of men who did not know how to forgive. For the remainder of his life he was to be piteously alone. His father drove him away; his sister tried to cheat him out of a small inheritance. He contested the case in court and won it; then turned over the money

to her. His friends shunned him and all his former co-religionists felt that in despising him they were doing God service. So bitter was the temper of those who were opposed to his teaching that even a century after his death vicious lies were still widely circulated about his teaching. He was branded as a blasphemer, an atheist, and a religious monster.

The one bright aspect of all the sordid affair was the exalted spiritual temper of the persecuted man. When Renan declared that Spinoza was the greatest Jew of modern times he was probably thinking of his system of philosophy, but the man was equally great in his humility and in the sweetness of his spirit. Adversity makes men either very bitter or very gentle; it made Spinoza gentle. That he was wounded there can be no doubt, for the persecution lasted as long as he lived; but he attributed men's vices to their lack of understanding. He taught that the chief good was to be delivered from angry passion, and his own life was a magnificent example of his teaching.

He found a home with a learned Dutch physician named Francis van den Ende. This man, who taught Greek and Latin to a number of pupils with considerable success, looked after Spinoza, receiving him into his own house and exacting no other return than that the young Jew should sometimes help him to instruct his pupils.

Like every other Jew, Spinoza had learned a trade; he had become an expert in the preparation of lenses for microscopes and telescopes. In this art he excelled so much that there are still in existence pieces of his

handiwork which he did at that time. He was, however, above everything else a philosopher; and so ardent in the search for truth was he that often for months at a time he did not go outside his humble lodgings. He spent his days in such close study that he became one of the most influential philosophers of his day. A number of the younger men in Amsterdam, many of whom were students of medicine or theology, came to regard him as their leader. He did not enjoy controversy for its own sake, being naturally of a mild and lovable disposition; nevertheless, he was always eager to assist those who, like himself, were seekers after truth.

He was not in good health. Quite early in life tuberculosis laid its grip upon him. More and more he suffered with his breathing, and he reconciled himself to the thought of an early death. His condition was made worse by his intense application to studies and by his failure to safeguard what health he had; sometimes he did not leave his lodgings for three months. Although his philosophy blunted the edge of much hatred and misunderstanding, there were times when his health, both physical and mental, was seriously affected; yet he carried on with astonishing fortitude.

He had one quality which appears to be the hallmark of spiritual greatness; he was not interested in the accumulation of worldly things. An investigation of his affairs at this time shows that he lived on a few cents a day. His wants were few, and for the luxuries of life he had no desire whatever. There have been few men who cared less for money. One of his intimate friends, named Simon de Vries, wanted to make him a present of one

thousand dollars. Spinoza politely declined to take any of it. He said: "Nature is content with little, and when she is satisfied, so am I." Shortly after, when this man lay dying, having neither wife nor children, he wanted to leave all he had to Spinoza, for he was bitterly estranged from his brother. Spinoza, however, pleaded with him not to do this, and at last succeeded in getting him to leave his fortune to his brother. The clause in the will stipulated that Spinoza must have an annual pension of two hundred and fifty dollars. This he refused to take, but finally was induced to allow a grant of one hundred and fifty dollars to be paid to him annually.

How little Spinoza cared for money was made clear when King Louis XIV offered him a substantial pension on condition that Spinoza should dedicate his next book to him. This Spinoza courteously but firmly declined to do. Some years later he was offered a position as professor of philosophy at the University of Heidelberg. This offer was couched in the most complimentary terms, the only condition laid down being that he would not teach anything that called in question the established religion of the state. Spinoza felt that he could not honestly comply with this condition. Devout man though he was, he knew there were many things about the established religion with which he could not agree, and he could not reconcile himself to accept the position. He preferred to have his freedom and live on a few coppers daily.

His disciple Lucas wrote: "Not only did riches not tempt him at all, but he also had no fear whatever of the consequences of poverty. His virtue raised him above

all these things; and although he was not very much in the good graces of fortune he never coaxed her, neither did he murmur against her. But if his fortune was moderate, his soul was the better provided with that which makes men great. Though in extreme need, he was liberal, lending of what little he had, through the largess of his friends, with as much generosity as if he rolled in wealth. When he heard that somebody who owed him two hundred francs had gone bankrupt, he was so far from being upset thereby that he said laughingly, 'I must reduce my daily fare in order to make up for this small loss. It is at such a price,' he added, 'that one buys fortitude.'" I do not mention this action as something brilliant; but, since there is nothing in which genius shows itself more clearly than in such small things, I could not omit it without scruple.

There is a passage in the Old Testament which says that, among other gifts, God gave Solomon "largeness of heart." In a very real sense this was true of Spinoza. In spite of his teaching that men's vices were due to their ignorance he marveled at the bitterness and hatred which agitated and separated men. At times it seemed as though he was baffled by it. He lived in an age when religious intolerance was regarded by most people as a virtue, a guarantee of their orthodoxy. Thus many visited him pretending friendship and ostensibly searching for truth, while they reported and misrepresented his teaching in order to curry favor with those in authority.

That which seems to have distressed him more than anything else was insincerity. He understood as few

could do the attitude of Jesus toward the hypocrites of his day. As a boy he once had an experience which left its impress upon him. One day his father sent young Spinoza to collect from a woman some money that she owed him. When he entered her house he found her reading the Bible. She motioned him to sit down until she had finished reading and engaged in prayer. The boy then told her his errand, and the woman counted out the money and gave it to him, at the same time saying she hoped he would never depart from the law of Moses and that he would grow up to be a good man like his father. She wanted to put the money into the bag he carried, but he thought it would be better to count it. When he did so he found she had, by a clever trick, dropped two coins through a slit in the top of the table, hoping thereby to cheat the child. Young Spinoza never forgot that incident; and while throughout his life he remained a very reverent man, there was nothing he despised so much as hypocrisy.

It was inevitable that a man of such transparent simplicity and beautiful character should attract followers. All men await the note of spiritual authority, and they know the authentic voice when they hear it. Although he left the synagogue—or rather was cast out from it—he never ceased to be a deeply religious man and a worthy exponent of his beliefs. Seldom has the world seen such disinterested loyalty to truth, such freedom from worldly ends, and such understanding of those who hated him. Even during his short life the circle of his admirers steadily grew larger—and that in spite of official opposition. Shortly after his death his disciple

Lucas wrote: "His conversations had such an air of geniality and his comparisons were so just that he made everybody fall in unconsciously with his views. He was persuasive although he did not effect polished or elegant diction. He made himself so intelligible and his discourse so full of good sense that none listened to him without deriving satisfaction."

He was as much averse to publicity as he was to controversy. He withheld his most important works for publication until after his death, and even then he wished that they might be published without his name being attached. His slender hold upon life relaxed. His frail body succumbed to the disease which had slowly sapped his physical vitality. On Sunday, February 20, 1677, before he had reached his forty-fifth birthday, he peacefully passed away. The family with whom he lived had gone to church and left him with his friend Dr. Ludwig Meyer. When they returned they found him dead in the arms of his friend. Thus ended a life of such spiritual beauty as the world has seldom seen. In a memorial address A. B. Lee once said: "We do not wish to exaggerate; nor do we wish to fall short of the truth. Spinoza's life was of a beauty to which history can hardly find a parallel. On that Sunday afternoon of February 20, 1677, there broke as noble and as sweet a heart as ever beat in human breast."

GREY OF FALLODON

WHEN SIR EDWARD GREY died in September, 1933, the memorial service held in Westminster Abbey was an impressive tribute to one of the noblest men of modern times. He was British foreign secretary from 1905 till 1916, and it was a strange irony of fate that this kindly, peace-loving man should have held a key position in his government when in 1914 war was declared against Germany. There are few men in any country or in any generation who have undisputed claim to greatness, but by common consent Edward Grey is of that number. All who were sensitive to the touch of greatness felt it in his presence. Of no man could it be more truly said that "he was very much at home in his own mind."

Although he was born in London on April 25, 1862, the ancestral home was at Fallodon, a quiet but beautiful countryside swept by winds from off the moors in Northumberland, where his life was spent and where he was buried. He came of an old and distinguished Border family, and it was a tribute to his popularity that for more than thirty consecutive years he was elected by the neighboring farmers, miners, and working people to be their representative in Parliament. In a brief auto-

biography he wrote: "My mother was one of the gentlest of human beings. She shrank even from argument and in order to make life go smoothly was always prepared to efface herself. This made it possible for the arrangement for a joint home between my grandparents and parents to work smoothly, and my early recollections are of an uneventful and exceedingly happy home. What we first know in childhood we imagine to be typical and the usual way of the world, and I was brought up assuming that the world was a happy place, in which no grown-up people did anything which was wrong."

This last sentence indicates a trait of Edward Grey's character which remained with him until the end: his belief in the inherent decency of people. Many of his political opponents, and even some of his friends, felt that this quality in Grey lessened his usefulness as a parliamentarian. They thought that a shrewder man would have been more alive to human defects and, because of that, a more truthworthy guide during the difficult days of the first World War. That opens a discussion we cannot take up here, but it is true that he believed there was potential goodness in all men and that if they could be made to see the right they would do it. What he said about his grandfather could be said of himself: "My grandfather was very religious, but his nature was such that he brought sunshine wherever he was, and was exceedingly popular in consequence. The difference between right and wrong had been his guide through life, and his old age presented one of those spectacles of a nature in which right had become auto-

matic. In any problem he'd ask but one question—what is right?—and follow it without hesitation. But he had no pleasure in being censorious. When once he had said, 'that is wrong,' or 'that is not right,' he had no wish to say anything more about it. We all felt not only his kindness, but his presence as a blessing."

Edward was elected to the British House of Commons in 1885, when he was just twenty-three years of age. He never lost that seat, not even during those years when the Liberal Party, of which he was a member, was in eclipse. He had no prejudices, but he did have strong convictions; and the common people—the farmers, laborers, and miners of Northumberland—knew that in him they had a champion at once sincere and high-minded. Whenever there was an election the same interests opposed him: rich landowners and the liquor interests; but he was sent back to Parliament with increased majorities, a remarkable tribute to a man who did not even know the language of political salesmanship.

The fact is that Grey never was a politician at heart. The great statesman Gladstone once said regretfully of him: "I never knew in a man such aptitude for political life and such disinclination for it." As a youth he played cricket with remarkable zest and enjoyment, but paid little attention to the score; it was enough that he and others were enjoying the game. When he entered political life the same sense of fair play and good-will characterized all he did; there can have been very few men who remained in politics for over thirty years and had so little to regret. More than once he wished to retire

from politics, for he was a born naturalist and the study of nature was always first with him; but a stern sense of duty kept him at his post. He was made secretary for foreign affairs in 1905; and Lord Robert Cecil, who was his assistant during the anxious days which preceded the first World War, wrote of him: "He was indeed, more than almost any man I have known, free from petty and personal vanities. Indeed, partly owing to his dislike for urban life and his consequent perpetual wish to get out of office, he was politically completely disinterested. For all the years in which he was connected with the Foreign Office, I don't think there was a single day in which he would not have welcomed resignation. He held office because he thought it was his duty to do so, and for no other reason. This conception that he was there to do a certain job which it would be cowardly for him to abandon was always present with him. Until he had been released by the action of others he could not go."

Although many of his colleagues and kinsmen viewed with apprehension the growth of democratic tendencies among the masses, Edward Grey welcomed whatever increased the happiness of the common people. He knew that they were often misled and that they and their leaders sometimes erred, but he was a strong advocate of reforms which he believed were overdue, and he knew that at heart his countrymen were sound and could be trusted. During a great coal strike in 1912 he wrote to a friend: "This coal strike is the beginning of a revolution. We shall, I suppose, make it an orderly and gradual revolution, but labor intends to have a

larger share and has laid hold of power. Power has passed from the King to the nobles, from the nobles to the middle classes and through them to the House of Commons, and now it is passing from the House of Commons to the trades unions. It will have to be recognized that the millions of men employed in great industries have a stake in those industries and must share in the control of them. The days when the owners said, 'This industry is mine; I alone must control it and be master in my own house,' are passing away. The owners still say that, but it has ceased to be real because they cannot act upon it. The unions may of course, like blind Samson with his arms round the pillars, pull down the house on themselves and everyone else, if they push things too far; or if the owners are too unyielding, there will be civil war. But I do think the good temper of spirit and compromise that is inherent in English character will save us from catastrophe. Mistakes will be made and suffering will result, but we shall all learn by experience. There are unpleasant years before us; we shall work through to something better."

One of the tragedies of his life, one which probably ruined his health and saddened the rest of his life, was his losing battle for peace. He knew and admired many Germans, although the inordinate vanity and arrogance of the Kaiser repelled him. There was not a single belligerent trait in Grey, and it was hard for him to believe that such traits could dominate others. When he did meet belligerency he was distressed and disappointed, whether he found it in his own countrymen or elsewhere. He was invited by Lord Rosebery to dine with

the British imperialist of South Africa, Cecil Rhodes, and he was unfavorably impressed. He wrote to his wife: "Rhodes has a new version of one man, one vote, for South Africa; it is that he himself should have a vote and nobody else."

It was Grey's painful duty in 1914 to make a statement, as foreign secretary in the British House of Commons, which left no alternative for the nation but to go to Belgium's defense. This meant war with Germany. The House was crowded to the roof with those who were tense, hoping against hope that war could be avoided. Upon Edward Grey's report the issue would be decided. He was a saddened man. Later he told friends that as he sat in that chamber, where the fate of millions was to be decided, he thought sorrowfully of the passage of time and what the years had done to him. He had been most happily married, but some time previously his wife had been killed in an accident. For years he had maintained that there need not be war with Germany; now he knew he had been mistaken. His health was not good; and serious eye trouble, which was to result in blindness, had manifested itself. For a few moments a wave of self-pity—something unusual for him—depressed him, but when he rose to speak all personal feelings were swept aside. He made his statement eminently fair even to enemies. He made no appeals to passion or prejudice, as he might easily have done. He did what he believed to be right as God gave him to see the right. No out-and-out pacifist ever hated war more than he. He had often gone out of his way to avoid marching soldiers. He had been savagely attacked

by critics because of his lack of interest in military affairs. Yet now his country, of which he was foreign secretary, was at war. For the second time in his life his heart was broken.

He continued in office for another two years after the outbreak of war. Although just turned fifty, he was a weary and, in many respects, a sick man. He had already found it necessary to consult oculists about the condition of his eyes. He wrote to his friend Sir Francis Blake: "In May last year two oculists who had a consultation on my eyes advised me to give up work and go away for six months, and they said it would be imperative for me to do this if my eyes got worse. I could not well leave my colleagues in the Irish crisis, and I postponed a decision till the end of the session. Before the session ended the war came: and I could not think of giving up work, whatever the risk or cost to my eyes. But my eyes have got worse lately, and a third independent opinion is positive that the trouble is serious and that to correct it I ought to undergo treatment and give up using my eyes for some time. I have decided therefore to withdraw from office as soon as I feel I can be spared." Examinations revealed that there was severe degeneration of the retina and choroid in both eyes, a condition which had been present for several years but which had been aggravated by intense application to work and by worry. He was released from his position in 1916, with ruined eyesight and impaired health.

He lived for seventeen years after his retirement, and had it not been for the loss of his eyesight he would have reveled in nature studies, which had always been his

favorite interest. He had made a pond in his early years and had induced ducks from distant lands to make it their breeding place. He was successful in rearing no less than twenty-five species of ducks, some of them very rare and others which had not been previously bred in England. He studied the habits of birds and animals and wrote hundreds of pages which were the outcome of his observations. In a privately printed memoir his oldest friend, Mr. Sydney Buxton, gives this account of Grey sitting in his garden and feeding the ducks he could no longer see:

"Seated under a great larch tree at the head of the pond, he distributed the bread and grain to his ducks crowding round, gobbling up their food, picking at his shoes, or plucking at his sleeve to attract attention. He would check the greedy or the forward, encourage the shy or coax the timid bird, and even the wildest fed from his hand. Presently one of them, usually a mandarin, would perch on his shoulder or on his hat, while others would flap onto the seat beside him.

"We will leave him there."

His closing years were not unhappy, although other disasters fell upon him. In what must be the permanent biography of Sir Edward Grey, written by his personal friend George Macaulay Trevelyan, *Grey of Fallodon*, the author gives this summary of Grey's misfortunes and pays a fine tribute to his magnificent fortitude: "Fallodon was burned down in May, 1917. Only the furniture, pictures, and books on the ground floor were saved. After living in the kitchen wing till the war was over, he rebuilt the house, with the old bricks and in

the same general style as before but with two stories instead of three and with some change in the ground plan of the rooms. In February, 1923, the cottage on the Itchen was burned, and was not rebuilt. How much these two breaches with the past meant to him, readers of this volume can by this time surmise. In 1922 his second marriage gave him a period of real happiness, but in 1928 Pamela, Lady Grey, died; and in the same year his brother Charles, of whom he had become almost as fond as formerly of George, was killed by a buffalo in Africa, as George a dozen years before had been killed by a lion. And besides these private strokes, Grey lived to see his hopes for the pacification of the world shattered, America withdrawn into herself, Europe armed to the teeth, and Germany under the Nazi regime. He foresaw a grim future for mankind, the more so as he had less than no sympathy with the increasing mechanization of life. But his private afflictions and public disappointments never broke his courage or soured his serene and constant spirit. Neither in his letters nor in his talk was there any cry of personal pain or even of impatience. He was unfailing in his quiet, humorous observation of life, and his determination to make the daily best of what was left. All who saw him went away cheered and elevated by the strong, even current of his talk, delightful, easy, humorous, sustained without effort high above the level of his griefs."

When he died in September, 1933, all the world knew that a great man had fallen. Soon after his retirement and while he still retained some measure of eyesight, he wrote to a friend: "The beauty has been overwhelm-

ing; pear and apple blossom overlapped, and the profusion and splendor were more than human capacity could appreciate. I used to feel at this season of the year a sense of waste because I could not enjoy at once all that was spread abroad; till one day the overwhelming egotism of looking at it from this limited human point of view occurred to me, and I thought that God might be contemplating it all. Then I ceased to be oppressed by the sense of waste. The beauty of the season makes the contrast of man-made war more horrible and poignant; on the other hand it gives comfort and support. The sight of all this beauty and the feeling of response to it in oneself gives assurance that God rules in the universe, and that evil cannot prevail. It is the same feeling expressed in the Bible and attributed to Noah when he saw the rainbow after the floods."

It is not often that we are permitted to see a life of such beauty as that of Edward Grey, one in whom a deep sense of social responsibility was continued with a passionate love of nature; for, as Mr. Trevelyan says, "his heart was not in the streets or in the council chambers but in the woods and beside the streams. The two sides of his nature and of his achievement, the countryman naturalist and the statesman, seemed separate and opposed, but they blended to make up Edward Grey; and in his last years the burden of blindness and personal sorrow, and of grief over the ways of the nations after the war, all of which he schooled himself to bear unembittered, perfected in gentleness his strong and patient spirit."

KATHARINE BUTLER HATHAWAY

KATHARINE HATHAWAY was just five years of age when, to use her own words, she "was changed from a rushing, laughing child into a bedridden, meditative one." That was in 1896, soon after she had moved with her family from Baltimore, where she was born, to Salem, Massachusetts. A spinal disease made it impossible for her to live a normal life, and for ten years she lay on her back. The doctor's treatment was to have her strapped down very tight on a stretcher, or a very hard sloping bed, with her shoulders pressed against a hard pad. Her head was kept from sinking down onto her chest by means of a leather halter attached to a rope which went through a pulley at the head of the bed.

Katharine had often regarded, with both sympathy and curiosity, a hunchback locksmith who occasionally visited their house to fix locks. He was not big enough to be considered a man, yet he was not a child, for his features and intelligence were those of an adult. She was fascinated as she watched how skillfully he worked with his long, thin, delicate fingers. But he seldom looked up from his work; he lived in a world of his own.

When the shadows of physical calamity lay over her

young life, Katharine's mother reminded her that she was fortunate to be taken care of by a famous doctor so that she would not grow to become like the little locksmith who was lonely and no doubt unhappy. To the child the thought brought relief, and there welled up in her heart a sense of gratitude for her devoted parents. Nevertheless, she experienced a feeling of kinship for the hunchback, she felt that she was secretly linked with him; and although he never spoke to her as she lay on her bed she watched him with interest and understanding.

Katharine, while still very young, made a rich discovery, one which was destined to change her whole outlook. It was that the real life is that of the spirit, that she need not be morose and unhappy. From that moment she had what she called "a chrome sense of my own well-being and good fortune." She found it in childhood. She took immense delight in things which active people had little time to notice. The slightest pleasures were as though she beheld them through a magnifying glass. Her back was improved; and with her hands free she held pencil and pad of paper above her face and wrote letters, poems, and little stories of her own composition. She made doll clothes with neat hems and wonderful ruffles. She painted with water colors and made paper dolls and dollhouses with paper furniture. When those who visited her expressed appreciation of her work, her happiness bubbled over.

She adored her father, who was always so tranquil and kind and whose hand in hers was comforting and healing. Later she understood that his tranquillity con-

cealed agonies of soul which were even greater than her own. For her mother she felt an almost unbearable tenderness. Before her mother suspected it, she understood at least something of the anguish of the mother's heart. She knew that the one thing she must not do was to let her mother see her anxious and fearful; that would be too much. "I hated and rejected the idea that there was anything tragic about my illness, or that she was to blame. I was angry because when she battled with those terrible surging tears I had to battle too. Watching her, I felt a violent emotion suddenly throbbing against my throat, surging and aching in my chest. For she seemed to waken something in me that was a disgusting traitor to my conscious self, a sorrow over my own plight that leaped up out of the depth of me, and answered her with a grieving that seemed to understand and match her own. I could love her piteous sorrow for me, but I loathed and despised it in myself. And I pushed it away from me with an almost masculine strength and confidence in my own soundness and well-being. This rebellion made me appear hard and cold toward her, just at the moment when I loved her most."

She was able to read a great deal, and before she left her hard bed—at fifteen years of age—she had read and appreciated a long list of excellent books. She later told of her eagerness and excitement as she waited for the next installment of an adventurous serial story. She joined a league for young readers; and through it she entered into correspondence with others, sometimes in faraway parts of the world. Then she had little friends who came to visit her; and while some—especially the

boys—stood awkwardly in the room, she knew they meant well, although she enjoyed visits best from those who were at their ease and appeared natural.

When she was taken by her parents on a journey during the summer vacation, she did not know which she loved most, the beauty of the countryside in Vermont, with its coolness and clear air, or the thrill of coming home again to resume once more a life which in spite of its limitations was so filled, interesting, and strangely sweet. When she traveled she had to be carried on a stretcher, and she loved the drive from the station to the cottage. Every little thing brought enjoyment—swaying branches of elm trees in the twilight, the clop-clop of the horse's feet on the hard road, and even the queer smell of the inside of the cab.

When she was fifteen, what she called her "horizontal life" came to an end. She was pronounced cured. She was able to get up, move around, and behave very much as other people did. She had often wondered, as she lay on her back, how she looked as compared with other people. To what extent was she abnormal and disfigured? She had never dared to ask, and no one discussed the matter; but it was constantly in the back of her inquiring mind. She waited with considerable apprehension for the day when she would know. Neither her father, who was a professor in Boston University, nor her mother ever referred to the subject. When she was first bedridden her mother often told her how lucky she was, but when she grew older she noticed her mother talked with more restraint and sympathy.

Soon after she learned to walk, Katharine got up suf-

ficient courage to take her first look in the mirror. Here is her account of that experience: "When I got up at last, fifteen years old, and had learned to walk again, one day I took a hand glass and went to a long mirror to look at myself, and I went alone. I didn't want anyone, my mother least of all, to know how I felt when I saw myself for the first time. But there was no noise, no outcry; I didn't scream with rage when I saw myself. I just felt numb. That person in the mirror *couldn't* be me. I felt inside like a healthy, ordinary, lucky person—oh, not like the one in the mirror! Yet when I turned my face to the mirror there were my own eyes looking back, hot with shame. I had turned out, after all, like the little locksmith—oh, not so bad, nearly—but enough like the little locksmith to be called by that same word."

The depression did not remain long. True, she felt chastened and at times unhappy; but she knew that her mind could grow independent of the size and shape of her body, and she was determined to extricate herself from the fear of being considered abnormal. People lived in different bodies just as they occupied different houses. The body was not the person but rather the house in which he lived; the thing that mattered was the life within. She knew in her soul that life was good and beautiful, and she began to fall in love with the love and mystery of the universe, "at first gingerly, and then boldly." She triumphed over her fears, and there were times when she felt she had grown so tall that her head was among the stars.

Yet even when she had attained her full growth Katharine never looked taller than a ten-year-old child.

When at the age of sixteen or seventeen she first began to walk along the streets of her own town, she could not fail to see that passers-by looked at her as though she were an object of curiosity; and if three or four children were together on the sidewalk and she happened to be alone they would call after her by the name she had heard applied to the little hunchback locksmith. Sometimes they ran after her, shouting and jeering.

This apparent hostility was something new for her. She had been watched over and sheltered so much that she did not know how to face it. In the shelter of her home she had known many children and had loved them for their tenderness and manifest kindness. To her it seemed a paradox that children could be cruel. For a time she dreaded encounters with unknown children, often going long distances out of her way to avoid meeting them. Often she would scan the horizon looking for her little enemies and would rejoice that none were in sight; then suddenly they would pop out of unexpected places to torture her. She dreaded lest her people at home should learn of these scenes; it was bad enough to be wounded herself, but she felt that if her people knew that she was mocked and humiliated on the street they would suffer more than she did.

It was then that she gained one of the greatest victories of her life. She decided to meet hostility with love. Instead of shrinking from people—either children or adults—she would subdue them as a lion tamer subdues animals, only she would do it by love. Then came the hour of her deliverance, a triumph full and complete.

Her spirit rose from the valley of despair to the mountaintop of hope and gladness. She wrote:

"By main force I began to lift the focus of my own attention, and consequently theirs too, off myself and place it gently but firmly upon them instead. When they glanced up as I approached along the sidewalk they found me looking with interest into their own faces, as if I had noticed something quite astonishing and amusing in them. If they stared back without smiling I still managed to compel myself to look into their faces invitingly while I still pretended to be unperturbed and lightly amused.

"This method worked on them, and it worked on me. For I discovered that it was ridiculously easy to bend their soft and pliable attention back upon themselves, and then to make them unconsciously begin to feel a pleasant warmth being shed upon them, something even desirable and fascinating. At first it was only by a most desperate effort of imagination that I managed to summon up this ray of love and deep interest and direct it upon my enemies; but as soon as I saw that it worked my technique improved, and the charm worked better all the time until it suddenly merged into naturalness and was no longer a charm but the expression of real feeling. After that there was no fear or distrust left in me, and no child ever shouted at me again or, if any did, I didn't hear or know it."

There were other wonderful things which came to Katharine Hathaway, but none so important as this conquest. It was a complete conversion of thought and feeling. It was as if a key had been placed in her hand

which enabled her to unlock gates which led to a world of undreamed-of charm and beauty.

She always wanted to own a home of her own, one which she could invest with her own personality. She found her way to several summer resorts and found much that gave her pleasure; still she felt that so long as she had no personal responsibilities for a place she was rootless and more or less of a parasite. She found a house with some land in the town of Castine in Maine, and she later described as epoch-making the signing of the document which gave her ownership. With characteristic enthusiasm she began to have the house made over, all the time thinking that there couldn't be a nicer home in the world: "I was like someone who, having never experienced anything more than a mild cynical flirtation, suddenly falls head over heels in love." She loved the house, the town, and the people for miles around. In her charming autobiography she writes of her home in Castine as though every experience was a thrilling adventure.

When in the city she loved to mingle with crowds and feel that she was a part of a great throbbing life. In crowded auditoriums she had to use every device to raise herself up or try between people to see the platform, but she loved it all and felt that she was a part of all the beauty and graciousness around her. She knew that her body was misshapen and grotesque, but there was no envy; and if there were moments when she felt defrauded such moods did not last long. People were drawn to her as if by a magic power. She made many enduring friendships with people who completely for-

got her physical limitations, who knew that in her they had discovered a great soul. Her own capacity for friendship was great. In that respect she resembled the great schoolmaster who saw so much potential wisdom in his pupils that his critics complained that "all his geese were swans." She saw in ordinary people extraordinary qualities. From the days when she lay strapped to her plank bed Katharine had been interested in writing. For her it opened a door so that vicariously she could experience and enjoy great adventures. Once she had opened the door and passed through she felt like a spider working secretly and alone: "The only tools I needed were a pencil, a block of paper, and solitude." But serious writing she found to be exacting and at times difficult. She had no idea, up till that time, of the almost infinite patience, the skill, and the humility required by those who attempt to turn out a certain amount of literary work each day.

She wrote with rare feeling and distinction, and poems and stories of hers appeared in the *Atlantic Monthly* and other periodicals. When she wrote her autobiography it was hailed as one of the most remarkable books of self-revelation written in modern times.

She had heard other girls talk of the time when they would be married. It was something which they all took for granted. There was an unspoken understanding that no such possibility awaited her. Nobody explained the reason why; they didn't need to—it was self-evident. No one ever attempted to console her. It was a circumstance to be accepted. But love laughs at locksmiths, and in 1930 she met Dan Hathaway. Two years later

they were happily married. For several months they lived at Salem, but she longed for the clear, cold air of Maine; so they bought an old brick house, and Katharine wrote—under the title of *The Little Locksmith*—her autobiography. Several years later, on Christmas Eve, 1942, she died, after having completed a task which gave her great satisfaction and which remains as the testimony of a singularly beautiful and victorious life.

The writing of an autobiography is at once one of the most difficult and most delicate of all tasks. Whether Mrs. Hathaway's story will have as permanent a place in literature as many believe and hope remains to be seen, but it is the record of a courageous, exciting, and whole life—a perfect illustration in our own time of spiritual victory. "I was able to build up for myself," she wrote, "what appeared to be an invulnerable calmness and joy, and a complete indifference to my own personal life. . . . It was then that I discovered that I could make my life whole and peaceful by learning to be obedient to a power outside myself."

Undoubtedly one secret of her happiness was her humility; she was constantly being overwhelmed with a deep sense of the rich goodness of life and the kindness of the scheme of things. She never ceased to wonder how she could have deserved such extravagant kindness. She had great capacity for happiness; take, for instance, this outburst: "My joy was sometimes too painful to bear, simply because it was too big to be contained in my chest." While there is nothing censorious in her book, she views with painful surprise the lack of

gratitude to God. We are the guests of God, she says, but we greedily take all he gives and then, forgetting our manners, we are not grateful but look for more.

What she herself wrote about her book will find an echo in thousands of hearts: "I love this book and I can hardly bear to leave it."

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